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The Shape of Things

THE GERMAN EASTERN ARMIES HAVE BEGUN a new offensive apparently aimed at Moscow. Continuing their "wedge" tactics, they are attempting to encompass the Russian forces massed before the Soviet capital between two pincer arms projected from the Valdai hills on the north and the town of Roslavl nearly 400 miles to the south. This presumably is the "new gigantic event" mentioned by Hitler in his speech of October 3, although the latest Berlin communiqués speak only of a drive along the shores of the Sea of Azov. Hitler spoke with great confidence about the situation on the Russian front, claiming that the U. S. S. R. was "already broken and will never rise again." Yet intermingled with his boasts was an almost apologetic note. Once again he went to great lengths to explain that the war had been forced on him because Britain, under the influence of "international Jewry," had spurned his repeated advances. Similarly he declared that he had had every intention of observing the pact with Moscow until tremendous Russian concentrations on the Reich frontiers forced him to take counter-measures. He went on to emphasize how important it had been to surprise the Russians and how successful he had been in achieving this aim. There seems to be some contradiction between this boast and his later statement that he, in turn, had been surprised by the magnitude of the Russian preparations. Evidently the purpose of this admission was to explain why the Russian campaign was not already concluded and to prepare his listeners for a winter war. The necessity of quieting domestic grumbling was also suggested by his hints of the huge economic benefits to be reaped from the newly conquered territory.

*

AFTER THE INDIGNATION AROUSED BY HIS indecent exposure at Des Moines it was hardly surprising that Lindbergh should try and cover up at Fort Wayne. Unfortunately, instead of donning the garments of repentance he arrayed himself in some ill-fitting martyr's robes. "I shall speak to you tonight as if this were my last address," he opened portentously, and he went on to suggest that the President might any day now abrogate

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the right of free speech and suspend next year's elections. As the New York *Herald Tribune* pointed out in an excellent editorial, this is in effect a charge that the President is contemplating a coup d'état, for he has no constitutional authority either to suppress the Bill of Rights or to control the holding of elections. In other words, the lost eagle, without producing one jot or tittle of evidence, is accusing the President of preparing revolution. Such inflammatory and irresponsible utterances would almost justify an attempt to gag their author, but we are quite sure that Lindbergh will be allowed to talk all he likes. Indeed, to keep him off the platform would be a mistake, for he is rapidly becoming a major liability to the isolationists.

*

AMERICAN AIRPLANE OUTPUT IN SEPTEMBER registered another modest gain. OPM figures show a total output for the month of 1,914 military planes, an increase of 60 planes from the previous peak achieved in August. While the gain is small, it is encouraging to find that the large increase of the previous month has not only been maintained but improved upon. Total production in August and September was 28 per cent above that in June and July, and is now close to half of President Roosevelt's goal of 50,000 planes a year. Considerable progress has been made in eliminating bottlenecks in the industry. Production of airplane motors, for example, no longer lags behind that of plane bodies. Designs have been standardized to an extent not believed possible a year ago. There still remains, however, a serious shortage of propellers and of armament for planes. Not until these bottlenecks are broken can we hope to provide Britain, Russia, and China with sufficient planes to take the mastery of the air from the Axis.

*

THE IMPORTANT GAP IN SECRETARY ICKES'S letter published in this issue is its failure to answer our editorial statement of September 6 that "the most dangerous aspect of the whole [oil] situation is that every key post which has to do with oil under Ickes, the Maritime Commission, or the State Department is staffed with men drawn from the oil trust or its legal satellites." If the railroads can properly be suspected of overestimating tank-car capacity to fight the building of new pipe lines, these oil dollar-a-year men may as justly be suspected of using or exaggerating the oil-transportation shortage to push legislation through Congress clearing the way for more pipe lines. It may be that the Secretary, for whom we have a high regard and an old affection, feels that necessity compelled him to draw his emergency oil staff so largely from the majors. We still think a few more men of independent background would go far toward increasing public confidence in the Coordinator's office. Mr. Ickes complains that we were taken in by an old newspaper trick in our reference to the London *Economist,* but an examination of the actual text in the British publication of July 26 does not disclose a major distortion.

*

"THE ACCESSION OF NORWAY AND HOLLAND to the Allied cause," the *Economist* said, "raised the tanker tonnage at Britain's disposal from approximately 3,000,000 to 6,000,000 tons gross—a tonnage which, it is argued, should be sufficient for all Britain's requirements, even if the most ample allowance is made for sinkings and delays due to the convoy system." The text was not at hand when our editorial was written, and the "it is argued" was omitted from the newspaper accounts on which we had to rely. But the figures themselves are given on the *Economist's* own authority and are not disputed by it. They agree substantially with the figures published by the *Wall Street Journal* last July. We grudge Britain no tankers, but we still think fuller disclosure of the facts would help its cause, and we wish Secretary Ickes would investigate the report we published—on excellent authority—that the British were ready to reveal the figures but were blocked by our Maritime Commission. And we still think the Commons would do Anglo-American relations a good turn by holding an inquiry of its own. In this connection we call attention to the statement in the *Economist* of August 2 that "the withdrawal of the Norwegian and other non-Japanese tankers hitherto engaged in supplying Japan from the Dutch East Indies and California would also bring a measure of relief." Are Norwegian and Dutch tankers still being used to fuel the Japanese?

*

OUR WASHINGTON EDITOR, I. F. STONE, interrupts his series on aluminum this week to discuss the Sears decision in the Bridges case; and as we go to press Judge Francis G. Caffey in the Federal District Court of New York is still reading his voluminous decision in the anti-trust suit against the Aluminum Company of America. So far Judge Caffey, by a narrow interpretation of the law and the facts in favor of Alcoa, seems to be on his way to a complete whitewash. If the anti-trust suit fails, or final decision is held up by interminable appeal and delay, the need for vigorous action by defense authorities will be all the more urgent. Jesse Jones is becoming uneasy over *The Nation's* revelations and has already entered blanket denials at press conferences at which they have been called to his attention. In the wake of our strictures on the silence of the press, *PM* in New York, the *Post* in Washington, and the courageous *Star-Times* in St. Louis have begun to wade into the fight. We believe the situation revealed by Mr. Stone in the case of aluminum can be shown to exist in other fields, notably Jones's fumbling of metal stock-

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piles and the delay in adequate expansion of magnesium production. We shall never have an all-out effort so long as Jesse Jones holds the purse strings on plant expansion for defense.

*

REVISION OF THE SOCIAL SECURITY ACT HAS been suggested by the President, in part as a deterrent to inflation, in part as a means of cushioning the economic readjustments of the post-defense period. Those revisions which would combine unemployment with old-age protection in an all-inclusive, rational social-insurance system and extend its benefits to domestic servants, farm laborers, and the employees of religious, charitable, and nonprofit organizations are wholly desirable; such action should have been taken sooner. But spreading the program, even to some twenty-five or thirty million additional persons, will have little effect on inflation. Although the purchasing power of the country would be reduced perhaps half a billion dollars by the pay-roll tax imposed on those additional workers, the cut would be insignificant in comparison with the inflationary effects of the defense program. Much greater results could be obtained by jumping the pay-roll tax for old-age and survivors' insurance from the present 2 per cent to 6 per cent, as has been proposed in some quarters. Such an increase, it is estimated, would bring in approximately five billion dollars a year and would exert a powerful anti-inflation influence. But it would be a tax measure, not a social-security measure, and should be judged as such. For the present, pay-roll taxes more than cover the costs of the social-security program. As a tax, the pay-roll levy is perhaps the most regressive of any on the statute books. The part imposed directly on the worker amounts to a gross-income tax which is limited to wages under $3,000; and the part falling on the employer is a gross tax on the costs of doing business which has no relation to profits. Until the cost of the social-security program requires it, there can be no justification for an increase in the pay-roll levy.

*

PHALANGIST SYMPATHIZERS FROM MEXICO and other Latin American countries will meet in Madrid on October 12 to map out a totalitarian propaganda campaign for this hemisphere. The meeting, which will be called the Council of Hispanidad, is sponsored by the Spanish Phalanx. Its connection with Nazi propaganda efforts in this hemisphere can be taken for granted from previous experience. It is not improbable that the meeting was called because Hitler felt it necessary to make greater use of his Spanish connections after recent Nazi setbacks in Latin America. Students of the habits of our State Department will be interested to know that the four Mexican delegates are making the trip by way of the United States. We have not heard that they had any trouble getting transit visas.

The Peoples' Offensive

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

BY INVADING Russia, Hitler created not one but two new fronts. He created a broken, concealed internal front in every conquered country and even in countries that are ostensibly his allies. And on this underground front he has already suffered a terrible defeat; he has lost the battle for "collaboration"—the willing or submissive acceptance of Nazi domination. The effort to conciliate through "correct" behavior on the part of the German occupying forces and to collaborate through the mummery of quisling governments has been supplanted by wholesale terror. The extermination of national leaders in an attempt to end rebellion blatantly announces the death-before-birth of Hitler's new order.

Two things account for the great underground offensive now being waged. One is the release of revolutionary spirit and energy that followed the invasion of Russia and the valiant resistance of the Soviet armies and people. The other is the withdrawal for service on the Russian front of a large part of the best German troops among the forces of occupation. Even without these animating causes rebellion was already seething under the surface; as *The Nation* had reported in several articles, sabotage as well as passive resistance was everywhere on the increase. But it could hardly have grown overnight into a major threat to Hitler's position—creating that Continental front that Allied arms have been unable to achieve—if the Russian war had not presented the masses of Europe with new incentives and new opportunities.

The rebellions are clearly not Communist. Even the Nazis have been forced to expand their stock denunciations to take in more categories than the traditional "Jews and Communists"; in Yugoslavia they label the rebels "Jews, Communists, and Serbs," thus including the majority of the nation; in France they have added "pro-British" and "de Gaullists." But it is true, just the same, that a source of vigorous revolutionary sentiment was tapped in every Continental country when Russia took up arms against the old enemy, fascism. Both Communists and proletarians without rigid political affiliations who had either acquiesced in Stalin's pact with Hitler or had lapsed into cynical indifference toward a war that seemed to offer suffering without compensation suddenly came to life. And this newly kindled spirit of resistance aroused the energies and determination of millions more who had longed, without much hope, for a way out of the hateful slavery of Nazi domination.

At the same time the forces of Hitler in the occupied countries were reduced in quality and numbers. Young men were marched off to the Russian frontier and older men took their place; German troops were partly supplanted by contingents of Slovaks and even Bulgars—

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elements of dubious loyalty. The Gestapo remained and even strengthened its *cadres,* but secret police and firing squads cannot take the place of strong occupying forces.

It would be impossible to summarize the latest happenings on Hitler's second front. The most active sectors in the internal war last week were Czecho-Slovakia and Yugoslavia. In Czecho-Slovakia the pretense of collaboration was thrown overboard when von Neurath was supplanted as "Protector" by the notorious terrorist Reinhard Heydrich, chief assistant of Heinrich Himmler, head of the Gestapo. This change was a tribute to the effectiveness of the Czech resistance, which in a few weeks had destroyed munitions factories and oil refineries and threatened to wreck the productive capacity of the Protectorate. But the result has been the execution of many of Czecho-Slovakia's best and bravest. Sokol leaders, trade unionists, teachers, patriotic public officials, including the Mayor and most of the City Council of Prague, have been wiped out. Obviously Heydrich hopes to rob the growing rebellion of its leadership.

In Yugoslavia sabotage has blazed into open warfare. A rebel army of Serbs defeated the pro-Nazi Croatian troops under General Nedich and was subdued only when German regulars marched in. Many of the Serbs then took to the mountains and reverted to individual acts of war—including the destruction of the Zagreb telephone exchange. But guerrilla fighting goes on, and the "national Yugoslav troops" have announced the capture of 650 German officers and soldiers, whom they are holding as hostages to be shot if executions of Serb patriots continue.

If the struggle is fiercest in these two countries, it is active and merciless enough in every other captive nation from Norway to Greece. But perhaps the most significant aspects of the internal struggle are those scarcely reported signs of resistance in the lesser Axis countries, which today are little better off than their neighbors whom they so recently helped to invade and overrun. They have found that their role as conqueror entitles them only to the dubious but inescapable honor of joining Hitler's bloody adventure in Russia.

Italy must occupy Greece; but the Italian soldiers in Greece are almost as hungry and miserable as the Greek population. And Mussolini has told Hitler, according to a recent Rome dispatch, that Italy can send only three divisions to the Soviet front instead of the ten previously promised. Severe food rations and rising prices have so greatly increased unrest that sabotage and anti-Nazi demonstrations are increasing. The population has hated the war from the start—a feeling that Ralph Bates has caught and dramatized most effectively in his short novel, "The Undiscoverables," which starts in this issue. Active revolt is held in check only by the army—and Mussolini dares not reduce the army by ten divisions.

Rumania has helped to conquer Bessarabia; but its losses in the Russian campaign have been terrific. Several officers have been executed for demanding an end to the war. The workers are restive; strikes and sabotage are multiplying, and Nazi repression is of the same sort that has been applied in the occupied countries. The mood of Bulgaria has, of course, been menacing since the war in Russia began. All the ordinary people sympathize with Russia and oppose both the Nazis and their own pro-Nazi government. So far no troops have been sent to the Soviet front, but Hitler, it is reported, insists that at least one army corps be contributed to the anti-Bolshevik crusade.

These events are of first importance. They show that Hitler has not only lost his battle for the collaboration of the conquered countries; he is also losing the support of his allies. It is safe to say that within a few months every Axis country will be held in line only by the main force of the Gestapo and the German army. An international union against fascist aggression is being created by the peoples that were reduced to slavery and by those that acted as paid slave-drivers. And the dominant elements in each country that still curry favor with the Nazi tyrant will be wiped out unless he protects them from their own betrayed and hungry people.

This does not mean that Hitler's control of the Continent is nearing collapse. On the contrary, it will become more all-embracing and more cruel in the days to come. It will end only if he faces defeat on other fronts. And whether that will happen depends upon the capacity of Britain and the United States to provide the materials necessary to keep the Soviet armies in the field.

The Bridges Case

THE investigation to determine whether or not Harry Bridges is or has ever been a member of or affiliated with the Communist Party will serve one constructive purpose if it leads to a test of the constitutionality of any part of the so-called Alien Registration Act. It was otherwise a futile, sordid, and dangerous proceeding. It was futile because one of the common characteristics of a prominent adherent of the Communist Party is that he does not carry a party card or provide other proofs of membership; it was sordid because it was instigated by men and groups who wanted to get rid of Bridges, not because he was about to start a revolution, but because he was a radical labor organizer; it was dangerous because, as we should all know by this time, the logical end of investigations, not of specific acts, but of opinions, is the suppression of all dissident opinion.

As Zechariah Chafee, Jr., writes in his new book on "Free Speech in the United States," most of the Alien

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Registration Act is "not concerned with registration, and the very first part of it has nothing particular to do with aliens. Just as the 1917 [espionage] act gave us a war-time sedition law, so the 1940 act gives us a peace-time sedition law—for everybody, especially United States citizens." The act provides additional grounds on which aliens may be deported. Not only present but past membership in an organization deemed to advocate overthrow of the government by force makes them subject to deportation—it was on the basis of this change that the second investigation of Bridges was presumably ordered. What few people seem to realize is that the act also limits the rights of citizens. To quote Mr. Chafee again, "A. Mitchell Palmer is dead, but the federal Sedition Act he so eagerly desired is at last on the statute books."

No one questions the right of the government to defend itself from overt acts designed to overthrow it. When it begins to persecute individuals, whether they be aliens or citizens, not for specific acts but for opinions which seem "dangerous" to such reactionary agencies as the FBI, then it is itself on the way to overthrowing democratic government by the force of jail sentences and the violence of deportation. We hope that a way will be found to make the Supreme Court face this issue squarely.

Ethics of Aid to Russia

THE President's move to utilize the granting of aid to Russia as a lever for obtaining real religious freedom in Russia is wise statesmanship. But it will not make for effective cooperation among the Allies if the introduction of this issue is used to make it appear that aid to those fighting Hitler will depend upon the character of their internal regimes. That would be a disastrous red herring, increasing the confusion by which Hitler has benefited enormously in the past and by perpetuating which the isolationists continue to aid him. Thus many, like Mr. Hoover, insist that while we should aid Britain, it would be an offense against morals and democratic ideals to aid Russia. These gentlemen ought to be compelled to explain how it is humanly possible to aid Britain and China and Norway without at the same time aiding Russia.

If tomorrow morning we were to read that Britain had landed troops in Norway and Holland and was pushing back the Nazi invader, putting the Gestapo and its agents to flight, lifting the black terror of torture and death from the lives of these democratic folk—if that were to happen, Wheeler himself could not forbear to cheer. Not one decent man from Maine to California, whatever his religion or politics, but would give profound and grateful thanks. Give thanks, that is, for what would be the most effective aid which could possibly be furnished to Russia, the precise form of aid for which so many Russophiles are agitating. In the same way, if the present successes of the Chinese were to increase and Japan were to be knocked out of the war, all America would rejoice—at an event also of immense aid to Russia. Continued resistance to Hitler, in whatever form, helps Russia. Must that resistance cease because Hitler, having attacked about twenty nations, now makes Russia his twenty-first?

It is time we cleared the ground a little. The ultimate purpose of the Allies is to defend and make secure not first of all democracy but more fundamentally a certain right without which there can be no democracy, the right, that is, to life, to existence, the right of persons, as of nations, not to be killed, tortured, destroyed. Two peculiarities mark that right. The first is that unless it is defended collectively, by a considerable number acting together on the principle that all stand for each, it cannot be defended at all. For in the absence of such cooperation, the units can be picked off one by one by an aggressor utilizing that "simple and deadly plan." The only reply to "one-by-one" attack is "all-together" defense. The second peculiarity is that the right to life must be accorded to good and bad alike, unless the badness takes the form of attempts to deprive others of the right to life. If the law against murder could be violated with impunity provided the victim was irreligious, or unfaithful to his wife, then it would end by failing to protect even the churchgoers and the good husbands. And the wicked will not be reformed and become law-abiding at all unless under the law they have security, a chance for life.

One of the monumental errors of the Western nations of Europe after the last war was to refuse to insure Russia's "right to life." The Tory dream of the Boche and the Bolshie destroying each other was no secret. Russia naturally argued: "Since the West won't help defend us against the aggressor, we will make the best bargain we can with him." It is true the nations of the West feared and resented the underground activities of the Comintern. But the way to meet that was the way in which (too late, as usual, to prevent aggression) it has now been met—by firm promise of aid in Russia's defense provided the subterranean activities ceased. Russia should have been offered security in return for good political behavior toward its neighbors. Those who refuse now to help Russia because they fear its communism and irreligion are quite certainly the enemies of both religion and freedom. Because Russia needs our help, the American plea for greater religious toleration and a greater measure of democracy within Russia is likely to be listened to. But a triumphant and all-powerful Germany needing no help from us would not listen to us. And if a finally triumphant Russia should menace a defeated Germany, we ought to be as ready to help Ger-

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many to defend itself as we should now be to defend Russia against Hitler.

The ultimate enemy is violence and aggression. Unless that enemy is resisted it will not be possible to defend religious freedom anywhere.

Justice Brandeis

ONE of the phrases most often quoted from Justice Brandeis is, "If we would guide by the light of reason, we must let our minds be bold." The full context in which the phrase first appears is less eloquent but more revealing. In dissenting from a decision invalidating a state law standardizing the size of loaves of bread, the Justice said, "Sometimes, if we would guide by the light of reason, we must let our minds be bold. *But in this case we have merely to acquaint ourselves with the art of breadmaking and the usages of the trade. . . .*" It was Brandeis's characteristic as a judge to seek constantly to invigorate our constitutional law, like Antaeus in the fable, by renewing its contact with the earth of fact.

"Brandeis the other day," Holmes once wrote to Pollock, "drove a harpoon into my midriff with reference to my summer occupations. He said, you talk about improving your mind, you only exercise it on the subjects with which you are familiar. Why don't you try something new, study some domain of fact? Take up the textile industries in Massachusetts and after reading the reports sufficiently you can go to Lawrence and get a human notion of how it really is." Holmes disliked the idea. "I always say," the letter to Pollock continued, "the chief end of man is to form general propositions—adding that no general proposition is worth a damn."

The skepticism of Holmes cleared the way for the empiricism of Brandeis. Holmes may have thought the formation of general propositions the chief end of man, but he had already prodded into the judicial subconscious with his famous "General propositions do not decide concrete cases." Behind the elaborate abstractions lurked human prejudice, fallible opinion, and often gross ignorance. If judges were really deciding the great constitutional questions according to their social and economic opinions, why not make those opinions as informed as possible; why not argue the opinions rather than the abstractions in which they hid themselves? This was Brandeis's contribution. In his very first dissent Brandeis pointed out that a study of the actual facts of society had "uncovered as fiction many an assumption upon which American judges and lawyers have rested comfortably." The chief end of man was to learn, and no fact was too humble to be without value. "The first essential of wise and just action," Brandeis said in 1914 in his testimony concerning the Federal Trade Commission bill, "is knowledge."

A man who sets so great a store on facts does so because he believes his fellow-men reasonable and open to persuasion. The corollary of government by persuasion is the fullest freedom of discussion. This is the faith which echoes in the memorable words of his protest against the conviction of Anita Whitney for criminal syndicalism in California: "Those who won our revolution were not cowards. They did not fear political change. They did not exalt order at the cost of liberty. To courageous, self-reliant men, with confidence in the power of free and fearless reasoning applied through the processes of popular government, no danger flowing from speech can be deemed clear and present unless the incidence of the evil apprehended is so imminent that it may befall before there is opportunity for full discussion. If there be time to expose through discussion the falsehood and fallacies, to avert the evil by the processes of education, the remedy to be applied is more speech, not enforced silence." His faith was robust and consistent, and he was with the liberal majority which voided a law in 1930 by which Minnesota sought to gag a scurrilous anti-Semitic scandal sheet.

Brandeis was to the deepest core of his being a Jeffersonian. Jeffersonian, too, he was proud to admit, was his approach to economic problems. This found expression in two forms. One was his desire to see democratic processes extended into industry, with labor sharing the responsibilities of management. The other was his opposition to bigness. This was more than nostalgic. It arose from a belief in the common limitations and the common potentialities of men, the best of them too weak to bear without stumbling the burdens of governmental and business units grown too huge, the lowliest of them too important to be denied a sphere for the capacities in them. "Responsibility," Brandeis said in his concurring opinion in the St. Joseph Stockyards case, "is the great developer of men." He wanted smaller units in government and business, so that more men might have opportunity to flower.

To Brandeis these basic ideas were not merely for contemplation but were fighting faiths. Where lesser men faltered, appalled at inertia and irrationality, Brandeis proved the efficacy of his faiths in one great battle after another. In him passion for justice was supplemented by a passion for facts, and his intellectual patience was as great as his urge to know. Humility tempered his desire to reform, and the regard shown for him by Mellen of the New Haven, his old antagonist, was only one evidence of the human sympathy that saved him from the arrogance which tends to be the occupational disease of reformers. This son of Bohemian Jews was one of the truest of Americans, as he was also kin in his life and labors to the Hebrew prophets. Louis Dembitz Brandeis leaves behind him words and memories to inspire and to hearten us in the great struggles ahead.

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The Undiscoverables

BY RALPH BATES

I. The War Begins

ABOUT midday everybody on the King Umberto side of the small harbor of San Filippo saw 'Rico Petrucci, the clerk, fat, hard, and round, bounce down the wooden steps of the harbor master's office. Everybody stared at 'Rico as he shot like a cannon ball across three fishing boats and smacked his hands down upon the outer gunwale of Lisazzio's boat.

"He! Don Cataldo," 'Rico bawled obliquely across the lane of green water. "Don Cat-aldo." The light reflected from the water flickered under his chin. The harbor master, Don Cataldo Margarone, who had been standing at the bottom of the stone steps on the sunset side of the harbor, picked his way across Santangelo's fishing boat and stepped into Capra's Provvidenza. His yellow face contrasted violently with the red-brown, half-Arabic faces of Capra's crew, who were desultorily jeering at 'Rico. They were at once silent on seeing the harbor master.

"Eh, *porca*-something-or-other, Don Cataldo, be careful," one of them said, obsequiously though with affection too. Don Cataldo was the butt of the fishers' basin.

"Don Cat-aldo," 'Rico bawled again.

"What is it, man!" Don Cataldo peevishly quavered, deceiving no one. He had heard the rumor also.

"Don Cataldo. Tele-phone. Long distance." Petrucci pretended to lift a receiver to his ear and jerked his thumb toward the office stuck up on its wooden stairs like a bird cage.

"All right, all right." The harbor master tried to stalk off the boat in a dignified manner. Everybody watched him walk round the harbor, along the littered section of Marine Street, where the sardine packers also stopped work to watch him. 'Rico bounded over the boats to reach the foot of the office stairs before Don Cataldo. Stamping his tiny feet, so ridiculous beneath those legs thick as a stone bollard, 'Rico ran up the flimsy steps and banged open the door. Everybody watched him cross the office to the telephone. Then the window was closed.

"Well, perhaps we'll know whether it's true within a few seconds," everybody thought. The door opened and Petrucci came slowly down the stairs. He stood in the middle of the road and glanced up at the window.

"So! If he plucks up spirit to kick 'Rico out of the office, the business must be important. The rumor is true!" The fishermen glanced at one another and began quietly to converse.

About nine in the morning, in the first heat, the fisherman Fortunato Dino had come running through the flies of Little Market Street. Everyone had stopped bar-

gaining. They all knew that Dino had delivered some pieces of furniture in a neighboring port. Eh, saints and martyrs, he had not waited to sail back in his own Re di Francia, but had taken the morning bus into San Filippo! Ten minutes later the rumor had washed into the market, not like one of those inexplicable slappings of still harbor water, but as a vigorous wave crashes up the beach. War, before nightfall! Dino had heard it in the neighboring port, people had said. This was no ordinary rumor. It sped through the town like a summons, and when it had covered every quarter it ran back again, to and fro, without diminishing in vigor. By 9:45 fishermen who should have been in their beds were walking to the harbor. There they had lounged all the morning, not at their daily ease, but conversing about the different versions of the day's rumor. By eleven o'clock, without stepping over the side of his boat, every fisherman had learned that the hot-headed goatherd Maniscalco, "the Braggart," who had poured a glass too much wine down his hoarse gullet, had raised a dust in One-Eyed Giacinto's shop and had been pushed out to mutter darkly in the street. The Braggart had sworn that neither Duce nor King should take his son Carmelo for their wars. "What has His Majesty to do with the war?" Santangelo had pointedly asked Don Cataldo, who was suspected of being a dissident monarchist, chiefly because he annually heard mass on the King's birthday. He was, also, a member of a once important aristocratic family. "And if I may say so," the big fisherman had continued, as if ad-

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dressing himself, "what has a man like Maniscalco, who possesses only one-half a cloak, to do with . . ." "Quiet," the harbor master had croaked, in terror. Both men knew that long ago, after the last great war, in which the goatherd had fought, Maniscalco had been in league with the agrarian rebels who had so much disturbed Sicily. And the harbor master remembered also that certain things had once been said about the tall, gravely spoken, and judicious Santangelo, though rumor had long since ceased to concern itself with him.

Don Cataldo had never been so importuned to air his views on the state of the war. The fishermen offered him wine and garlic-rubbed bread and sardines fried golden in a trace of oil. "Eh, by your leave, Don Cataldo, what do you make of things this morning?" They were not mocking the harbor master.

He was a poor sort of official and a relic of the old regime, but in seeking his opinion they were trying to be at ease with the world of government, to assure themselves of official benevolence. And he, honest and timid old man, talked with them in order not to be alone in the rickety eminence of his office.

Then, about eleven o'clock, the huge, quickly moving Giovanni Santangelo, commonly accepted as leader of the fleet because of his good sense and unfailing equanimity, had begun to fill his lamp reservoirs and to test the flow of acetylene gas. The greenish white light, localized to a hard point by the sun's glare, had attracted all eyes. Among the masts and booms and the furled lateens, the diamond of light had burned like something strangely captured. Others had begun to prepare the tackle for leaving harbor. By midday it was the general will to put out early. The matter had not been discussed. From the standpoint of catching sardines it was pointless to leave harbor until two and a half hours before night fell. Therefore it was not a thing to be argued about. Nobody was profoundly surprised when the two quarreling partners of the Archangel Michael appeared together on the beach and, after a little petulance on the one side and brief sulkiness on the other, hurried back to the carpenter's shop in Marine Street. They were going to patch the small hole in the starboard bow and accompany the fleet.

A month ago the Archangel Michael had been slightly damaged by a black and blustering tug from Messina. During the first stage of the ensuing lawsuit the two partners had quarreled, and as a result the Archangel Michael had lain idle for a fortnight. The six days' abundance of fish had been a cumulative temptation to the partners, and if the rumor proved true this might be the last opportunity for some time to fish for sardine in the accustomed way, with lure light and short net. During war time the lights which lured the fish into a dense congregation would be forbidden. They would have to work in the French manner with much greater areas of expensive, fine-meshed net. The desire to cause a little more paper to rustle in the fingers was in the minds of all the fishermen. Nevertheless, their motive in deciding uselessly to go out earlier than usual was to be together on the open sea. As fishers they were never really conscious of being part of San Filippo, where agriculture not only outweighed fishing in economic importance but more effectively controlled the life of the town, its temper, politics, and latterly its imagination. Also, their early departure was an act of faith. There was to be no war. The day would be normal, at the cost of a little irregularity. They would go out and light their lamps as on any other night. It assured them that the war would not come. Eh, my sirs, war is for landsmen. We others fish in the sea that is one vast and simple peril, that is a reality; the sea that can't be measured up and bought and sold and spouted about by orators.

The fishermen would go out to sea and ride on the black swell under the stars with their own governance and polity of lights and time and place, over the hordes of nomad sardines that were common to them all. They did not think these things. They felt them. Also, experience told them that in war time they might have the chance to get rewards larger than the knavishly contrived prices of peace time, and so they felt in anticipation the hostility of the landsmen.

Don Cataldo came slowly down the steps, fiddling with the top buttons of the faded tunic he had now put on. The fishermen watched him as he approached the Re Umberto Quay's edge. But he did not speak to Capra, who had taken swift, sure-footed strides across the two boats. Picking his teeth, a troubled expression on his yellow face, he wandered along the quay and stood beside the steel framework of the diminutive harbor light. Then he walked back again and sat down in front of the packing factory.

"What's he thinking about now?" Capra said aloud. Someone made a joke that was received in silence.

"Eh, Signor Petrucci," Capra cried, "Come here." 'Rico stared unresponsively and waddled away.

It was Santangelo again who crystallized feeling. He and one of his men took the thirty-liter barrel to the factory for water. The harbor master stood up and watched them as they entered.

"He's going to speak to Santangelo," everyone thought,

[*Continued on page* 353]

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Next Steps on Bridges

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, October 2

THE decision rendered in the form of a memorandum by Judge Charles B. Sears as Presiding Inspector in the second Bridges trial proposes certain findings and recommends that the labor leader be ordered deported. Whether the deportation warrant will be issued rests with the five-man Board of Immigration Appeals, which will review the case. If there is a dissent, the case goes automatically to the Attorney General, who may in any event reverse the action of the board if he chooses.

Drawing by Dolbin

Harry Bridges

Three weaknesses in the Sears memorandum provide a basis for rejecting its recommendations. The first is the character of the testimony on which Judge Sears finds that Bridges "has been" a member of the Communist Party. The term "has been" is used in the memorandum in accordance with the deportation law as recently changed by Congress. An alien may now be deported not merely for being a member of a party which believes in overthrow of the government by force and violence but also for having been a member, even though he is no longer a member at the time of his arrest.

Judge Sears based his finding that Bridges is a Communist on what one witness said and on what another witness testified that he—the witness—did not say. Judge Sears, though more reluctant to condemn the curious collection of witnesses brought forward by the FBI, found himself as unable to credit their testimony as was James M. Landis in the first trial of Bridges. The one witness whom he believed on the question of whether or not Bridges was a member of the Communist Party was Harry Lundberg, secretary-treasurer of the Sailors' Union of the Pacific. Lundberg testified that in the summer of 1935 he was invited to have dinner with Bridges and asked to join the Communist Party. "You don't have to be afraid," Lundberg quoted Bridges, "because I am one, too." Judge Sears recognized in his memorandum that this contradicted what Lundberg told the Labor Department in 1939 and the FBI in the fall of 1940. Either then or now Lundberg lied. Judge Sears also pointed out that Lundberg and Bridges have been bitter enemies since 1935. The Judge, nevertheless, concluded that he did not think Lundberg's "bias would cause him to deviate from the truth."

Since 1934, employer interests in San Francisco, with the cooperation of California police authorities and the FBI, have been trying to prove Bridges a Communist so that he could be deported. After seven years they are still able to produce but one witness whose testimony is found credible by an independent examiner, though the examiner in this case is a retired conservative jurist from the New York Court of Appeals whose own background and point of view predispose him against Bridges. This witness is a rival and enemy of Bridges. The board and the Attorney General must decide whether this is adequate evidence of Bridges's membership in the party.

In deciding that Bridges was a Communist, Judge Sears cited a second witness. This was James D. O'Neil, who had been publicity man for Bridges and the C. I. O. on the West Coast. O'Neil testified that he did *not* tell FBI agents that he walked into Bridges's office and saw him pasting assessment stamps in a Communist Party membership book. Major Lemuel B. Schofield and a stenographer testified that O'Neil did say so. Major Schofield, as special assistant to the Attorney General in charge of the Immigration and Naturalization Service, directed the Bridges prosecution. A man of violent prejudices and reactionary outlook, he has been passionately anxious to "get" Bridges. The stenographer is employed by the FBI. These facts do not prove that either was lying, but their own positions make their testimony that O'Neil lied on the witness stand subject to discount. Judge Sears chose to believe them rather than O'Neil.

The board and the Attorney General must pass on two other points in the Sears memorandum. An alien is deportable not only for membership in but for affiliation with a party which believes in overthrow of the government by force and violence. The term "affiliation" was so broadly interpreted by Judge Sears as to render membership in a union under Communist influence or the acceptance of Communist help in a strike grounds for deportation. Even the fact that Bridges opposed an anti-Communist resolution in the San Francisco Labor Council during the 1934 strike is cited as evidence of affilia-

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tion. If the Sears findings are upheld they will lay the basis for the deportation of many non-Communists.

Finally, the board and the Attorney General must decide whether Judge Sears ruled properly, in the appendix to his decision, on the question of wire-tapping. Judge Sears found that FBI agents did tap Bridges's telephone in New York from August 5 to August 22 of this year. He held that this was a violation of the Communications Act. Nevertheless, he denied the defense motion for a supplementary hearing to determine whether and to what extent wire-tapping was used by the FBI in preparing the case against Bridges. Judge Sears dismissed the motion as "founded only on suspicion," but by his own findings it was based on more than suspicion. If the FBI tapped Bridges's telephone in New York, might it not have tapped the telephone in San Francisco? That is a reasonable inference and a reasonable question, and to deny it an answer is to encourage violation of the law by a government agency. If the FBI is allowed to violate the law, no basic liberties are safe, whether an alien's or a citizen's.

Attorney General Biddle will need the courage of an Altgeld to reverse Judge Sears. If he upholds the decision for deportation, there will be an appeal to the courts. The right of appeal in deportation cases is sharply limited by precedents which go back to the Chinese exclusion cases more than half a century ago. These precedents conflict with precedents developed at the same time in appeals from administrative agencies where property rights are concerned; there the right of appeal is, in practice, of the broadest possible kind. In the courts the most vulnerable point in the Sears memorandum will be the ruling on wire-tapping. The question of what constitutes affiliation may also be reviewed. If Bridges were a telephone company, he would have little difficulty in obtaining review of the evidence as well. But the courts are unlikely to review that evidence in a deportation case. The narrow precedents of the past also hamper Bridges in pleading the constitutional guaranties against double jeopardy and ex-post-facto legislation violated in the repeated attempts to deport him.

We all know why West Coast employers and the FBI want Bridges deported. Every correspondent in the capital knows the New Dealers are ashamed of the case. We are beginning to spread propaganda abroad for democracy. The best propaganda will falter if it can be whispered abroad that although America calls itself free it deported Harry Bridges.

[*The third article in I. F. Stone's series on the Aluminum Company of America's defense contracts will appear next week.*]

Mr. Ickes Answers His Critics

DEAR SIRS: While I agree with certain views on the oil situation expressed in issues of *The Nation* for September 6 and 13, I must correct some dangerous misstatements, since I cannot permit to pass unchallenged disparagement of Mr. Robert K. Davies, the Deputy Petroleum Coordinator who is responsible to me.

You condemn Mr. Davies for not discussing the British oil-tanker situation at an open Senate hearing. You support your assertions by citing quotations from the London *Economist* that were ripped from the context and published in the American isolationist press as indicating that this British publication does not think that its country needs more oil tankers to win the war.

As you may have learned by now, you have been taken in by one of the simplest tricks of the distorters of news. Geoffrey Crowther, editor of the *Economist,* has completely exposed this trick in a letter spread on the United States Senate records. He revealed that the distorted and carefully selected quotation from the *Economist* was printed in London as a report of American isolationist doctrine. This American isolationist doctrine certain sections of the American press then undertook to re-retail as British views. Crowther branded this "misrepresentation." (See "Senate Special Oil Committee Hearings," pages 354 and 355.)

But beyond this apparent imposition upon *The Nation,* I cannot agree that Mr. Davies should be criticized for "failure" to discuss the British need for tankers; in fact, any such discussion would have been a "failure" to abide by a policy I reluctantly support. It would ease tremendously both the burdens and the attacks upon the Coordinator if, in simple terms, we could lay before the American people the justification and the need for the Coordinator's actions on the basis of ship movements, availability, damage, and sinkings.

If we published a daily box score of the Battle of the Atlantic, undoubtedly it would simplify the Coordinator's problems, and it would give Hitler information that he would like to have, even if it would not call off the dogs of the press which operate on an *ad hominem* basis. They are not likely to overlook an opportunity to attack viciously—of course on the basis of the purest "patriotism"—a man who has had the effrontery to question their impeccability. However, by no stretch of the imagination, with a War Department, a Navy Department, a Maritime Commission, and a President, to say nothing of an Admiralty and a Prime Minister, is it incumbent

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upon a mere Petroleum Coordinator to decide to give out information that may be considered of military or naval value to enemies of the country, in order to satisfy the passing curiosity of people who want all the current gossip, regardless of the effect of its dissemination.

What you refer to as the "second gap" in Mr. Davies's presentation to the Senate has to do with the use of tank cars to bring oil east. That gap would, offhand, appear to have been filled by some 382 pages of testimony published by the Senate. A lot of people can and will quarrel and split hairs, and have done so, over the number of idle tank cars available and the ability of the railroads to haul them.

The finding of the Maloney committee was based, in the main, upon testimony by Mr. Budd and Mr. Pelley as to the availability of thousands of tank cars for the purpose of transporting petroleum products to the East Coast. It was not regarded as significant that these two railroad men could not reconcile their figures. Mr. Budd envisaged some thirty thousand idle and available tank cars, but Mr. Pelley could not get above twenty thousand. The fact that these two gentlemen, as railroad men, were admittedly interested in preventing the building of any pipe line was beside the point so far as the investigating committee was concerned. It was also of no interest that Mr. Davies had previously testified that, for two months, he had been demanding of Mr. Budd that he tell us where these tank cars were so that he, Mr. Davies, could renew his insistence to the oil companies that all available tank cars be put into service. On the other hand, much was made of the statement of Mr. Pelley that Mr. Davies had not consulted him sufficiently. However, Mr. Davies was justified in confining his inquiries to the supposedly responsible Mr. Budd, who had been selected by the President himself and put in charge of transportation problems in connection with defense, instead of looking to an irresponsible railroad lobbyist.

The railroads of the country own practically no tank cars. The best source of information as to the existence of such cars is the owners thereof. None such was called to the witness stand by the Senate committee. Neither Mr. Budd nor Mr. Pelley was subjected to cross-examination, nor was either asked for a verification of his figures. Apparently they gave testimony that was satisfactory because it was desired as the basis for a report which contains this interesting language: "The special Senate committee members, like most of the rest of the people of the country, were completely satisfied, from the beginning, that there was no shortage of petroleum products."

This utterance loses some of its profundity when it is considered that the Petroleum Coordinator, from his very first statement, insisted that there was no shortage of petroleum products, but that there was a shortage of transportation facilities to keep the normal supply moving to the East Coast. This fact seems conveniently to have been overlooked, not only by the investigating committee, but practically unanimously by the press, including such a careful and discriminating journal as *The Nation*. Even the investigating committee admitted that there was a "shortage of surplus," but this did not seem to mean much to the reporters and commentators, although a shortage of surplus, if continued and accelerated, means an inevitable shortage of supply when the "shortage of surplus" reaches the quick.

Secretary Ickes

But to come back to the alleged plenitude of empty tank cars rusting on railroad sidings, upon which the committee really relied to sustain the verdict that it had apparently arrived at before the hearings were opened. Mr. Budd so far has failed to supply us with data which would make it possible for us to bring further pressure upon the oil companies to use such cars. Mr. Budd is accordingly subject to the suspicion that he was as inaccurate with respect to these empty tank cars as he was when he said that the railroads had all the rolling stock that they would need to carry them through the emergency. Only time will prove the accuracy of Mr. Budd's statements about tank-car availability since he is unwilling himself to offer proof. Meanwhile, however, the Coordinator's office is unwilling to gamble with the defense program and the safety of Great Britain solely upon promises of persons who are engaged in blocking rival methods of transportation, especially when past assurances have not been borne out by subsequent performances. We are not willing to do so even though exhorted thereto by the Maloney committee and the witch-hunting press, whose mob spirit has stampeded even *The Nation*.

I have seen a good many organizations built up in Washington during the last eight years and a half, and I have had some part in some of them. As to the latter, my record will speak for itself. I may say, however, that I have never seen any new organization built up to undertake an unusual task that could point to actual accomplishments so quickly obtained as can the Petroleum Coordinatorship. But all that we have done counts as nothing against the insistence of two self-serving witnesses, representing adverse interests, one of them a highly paid lobbyist, that there are an unagreed-upon number of tank cars available and unused. Customarily the burden in such a situation is thrown upon the wit-

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nesses, but not in this instance, where the press could reach a dearly hated victim.

However, the Petroleum Coordinator is willing to accept the burden. Not only are we making our own canvass of the theoretical tank-car availability without waiting any longer for the assertive but dilatory Mr. Budd; we are continuing to insist that the suppliers of petroleum to the East Coast area put to use all the tank cars they can get. This was urged upon the oil companies in the first instance by telegrams sent to them under date of June 25, 1941. However, since Mr. Budd and his lobbyist-coadjutor, although differing widely as to the number of available tank cars, have broadcast to the world that there is a large supply available and unused, a written pledge to use all available tank cars has been signed by all the Eastern suppliers.

In short, it has been the policy of the Petroleum Coordinator from the beginning to bring into use every available tank car in order to relieve what the Maloney committee says is not a shortage of gasoline but a "shortage of surplus." After all, it should be realized that the Petroleum Coordinator has no legal power to force the oil companies to use tank cars. All that he has is the power of persuasion, and this he will continue to use to the utmost, as he has been using it.

Whether the Maloney committee and the press intended it or not, they have well-nigh wrecked the carefully worked out program of the Petroleum Coordinator's office to save gasoline now against easily foreseeable future needs. Thus all of you have created future opportunities to bedevil the Petroleum Coordinator for real failures that are likely to result from your sabotage of the present program.

Finally, the Coordinator concurs with *The Nation's* statement that ". . . there is now hope that they [tank cars] will be used and the artificially high rates [six times tanker rates] exacted for their use reduced."

It is to this end that for three months the Coordinator's office has been driving oil companies to use "all available tank cars" regardless of what the number might be, and has secured a written signed pledge to do so from the eleven principal oil companies operating on the East Coast.

HAROLD L. ICKES,
Petroleum Coordinator for National Defense

Washington, September 22

[*An editorial reply to Mr. Ickes appears on page* 322.]

DEFENCE OF LENINGRAD-LONDON-WASHINGTON

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Where Sweden Stands

BY MAURICE FELDMAN

DURING the past few weeks the Nazi short-of-war attack on Sweden has been greatly intensified. Propaganda, military threats, extortion, and the inside jobs of the fifth column are putting a heavy strain on Swedish neutrality and security. Each day the German press rails against some real or imagined act of the Swedish government. Vidkun Quisling has been encouraged to threaten the Swedes in every speech he makes. Finland is being told by its Nazi ally to prohibit the circulation of Swedish newspapers. A new Nazi organization led by a second-rate artist, Ossian Elgström, has issued a manifesto calling upon the government of Per Albin Hansson to resign. Explaining that cooperation between Germany and Sweden is impossible under a Social Democratic regime, the manifesto asserts that the coalition government—which was supported by 97 per cent of the voters at the last election—has lost not only the confidence of Germany but the backing of its own people. It goes on to say that only "the clique around Per Albin Hansson, the Jews, and the British" support the government's anti-Nazi attitude.

The most noticeable result of Nazi pressure thus far has been the stiffening spirit of resistance. After many months of ultra-caution in discussions of foreign policy, the Swedish press is now saying what it thinks; for the most part it is being courageously anti-Nazi and pro-British. The attempt to bring Sweden into the "new order" by a combination of blackmail and bribery is condemned by radical and conservative journals alike and even by some papers which until recently were at least tacitly pro-Nazi. Public sentiment has more than kept pace with the press. Events in Norway and Finland's war alliance with Hitler have shocked all Swedes.

Despite its past sympathy for the Finnish people, Sweden is not blind to the realities of the Nazi-Soviet war. If there has been any division of feeling on this question, it has been chiefly due to the stupidity of Russian diplomacy. Russia prevented a military alliance of Finland, Sweden, and Norway, an alliance which would in all probability have made it impossible for Finland to fight side by side with the Nazis. The action taken by the Finnish government is strongly condemned by the Swedish people.

The collections among Swedish workers for the Finnish army amount to only a fraction of what they were during the campaign of 1939-40. The campaign to recruit volunteers for Finland—organized by the German S. S. Commander, Captain Betram Schmiterloew, and the Swedish Nazi, Count Ulf Hamilton—has been a transparent failure. Some 9,000 volunteers, mostly workers, fought with the Finns two years ago; in this war only 1,060 have offered their services, the majority of them Swedish adventurers and Swedes of German descent. Many returned to Sweden when they found that the volunteer corps was under the command of German army officers and Gestapo men. Indeed, the whole enterprise has become so infamous that the Swedish Ministry of National Defense has been forced to declare that recruiting for the Finland Corps is unlawful.

The feelings of the Swedish people for the Norwegians and the British have never been warmer than today. The execution of Norwegian labor leaders and the imprisonment of priests, university professors, and journalists are universally resented. Mourning services, protest rallies, sermons at Sunday services, collections, and some official declarations give ample evidence of Sweden's detestation of the Nazi terror. Close links are being maintained between the Swedish and British trade unions, and George Gibson, who attended the recent convention of the Swedish Federation of Labor as delegate from the British Trade Union Congress, received a great ovation from the assemblage.

Nor do business circles conceal their sympathies for Britain and the United States. Sweden is dependent on foreign trade for its prosperity, and it is well aware that Hitler's "new order" would reduce it to economic vassalage. Already it is suffering from being practically cut off from the outer world and compelled to trade almost exclusively with Germany. Because of a shortage of fodder and fertilizer, which can only be obtained from overseas, many foodstuffs must be rationed. The scarcity of tea, coffee, and similar tropical products was taken for granted, but the public resents the disappearance of the *smörgäsbord* and the rationing of bread, which was made necessary by the second successive bad harvest.

Germany refuses to send Sweden, in exchange for iron ore, cellulose, and timber, equivalent amounts of coal and manufactured goods of the types particularly needed. Lack of coal has led to a critical fuel situation. Before the war Sweden imported eight million tons of coal and coke annually, of which nearly 50 per cent came from Britain. Germany, though it has acquired vast coal resources through its conquests, has proved unable or unwilling to ship adequate supplies. According to a recent statement in the *Svenska Dagbladet,* deliveries of 6,600,000 tons promised this year are likely to fall short by

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two million tons. British bombings and the shortage of rolling stock in the Reich are among the factors held responsible. As a result, Sweden is accumulating a large clearing credit in its trade with Germany, although under the terms of the commercial agreement between the two countries their purchases and sales are supposed to balance. The only remedy open to the Swedes is a reduction of their shipments to Germany until the exchange is once again equalized. But pressure from Berlin has dissuaded the Swedish government from taking this step; instead, it has reluctantly granted a clearing advance of 100 million kroner. Thus do the Nazis force neutrals as well as the conquered countries to help finance their war.

Most Swedes realize that their present neutral status is insecure and fear that they will eventually be dragged into the conflict. Should Germany conquer Russia, a Nazi attack on Sweden, which would then be more dangerously isolated than ever, would become an imminent threat. Again, an attempt by Britain to start an invasion of the Continent by landings in Norway would very probably lead to German demands for the use of Sweden as a military base.

Faith in Hitler's final defeat by Britain and the United States is strong among influential Swedes. Proof of this is contained in many outspoken pamphlets that have been published recently. In "Ett Nytt Folkens Förbund och Sveriges Frihet" ("A New League of Nations and Sweden's Freedom") Professor Israel Holmgren, one of Sweden's most distinguished medical authorities, points out that the independence, liberties, and culture of Sweden, as well as those of other European nations, can only be preserved by a British victory. Dr. Oesten Unden, a former Foreign Minister, now dean of the Swedish national universities, whose views may be regarded as semi-official owing to his past and present positions, writes as follows in "Sweden and the New Order":

> For the present the attention of the Swedish public is directed chiefly toward Norway. It has become that country's fate to be handed over temporarily to a small clique. Behind the Quisling regime stands the army of occupation as the only basis for its existence. The attempts that are being made to violate and crush the proud and high-spirited Norwegian people are certainly doomed to fail. Swedes and Norwegians will be dependent on each other in the future as they have been in the past. The ties between us cannot be broken. It is self-evident that Sweden will have greater opportunities to make contributions of value to itself and its northern neighbors if it is able in the future as in the past to remain outside the war. The main task of the government, therefore, is to maintain peace, peace without surrender, peace with continued self-respect and honor. The Swedish people are prepared to make the heaviest sacrifices for the national defense just because they are serious in their resolve to defend themselves.

In the Wind

AIR-RAID WARDENS in London report that, despite the mildness of recent Nazi bombings, the shelters are more popular than they ever were in comparable periods during the big blitz. The small, poorly equipped shelters are filled to about 10 per cent of capacity on most nights, and the well-equipped ones are always about 35 per cent full. Apparently the activities organized in the shelters during the heavy bombings have become so much a part of the people's lives that they are unwilling to give them up even when the raids are few and light.

THE WASHINGTON *Sunday Star*, on September 28, ran this headline on an Associated Press story: "Aluminum Workers' Union Balks Expansion Plans." The story began: "The executive board of the Aluminum Workers of America (C. I. O.) today indorsed a proposal to end the nation-wide aluminum shortage by expanding present mining operations, rationing power, and training labor for annual production of 3,000,000,000 pounds."

HEIL SELASSIE: Ezra Pound, broadcasting over the Italian radio on September 23, urged American Negroes not to obey "that white man Jew Roosevelt."

THE KU KLUX KLAN has reprinted the famous "international Jew" articles which appeared in Henry Ford's *Dearborn Independent* and is distributing over a million copies of the pamphlet. Dr. L. M. Birkhead has called upon Ford to repudiate both the articles and the Klan use of them.

CAPTAIN JOHN T. PROUT, one of the defendants in the Brooklyn Christian Front trial of a year ago, will run for a seat in the New York City Council.

THE MAN WHO started the controversy which ended in *Life's* photographic demonstration that a pitched baseball can never curve was the left-wing novelist Edward Newhouse.

AN EXPLANATION of why Pierre Laval may have survived Paul Collette's attempt on his life is offered by a French writer now in this country. When Rudolf Valentino died in 1926, a French magazine said that the actor was "too beautiful to live." *Canards*, the humorous weekly, commented at the time, "In that case France is assured of one man who will never die—Pierre Laval."

A NEW APPEASEMENT GROUP has been formed to concentrate on the war in the Far East. It is called the Committee on Pacific Relations, and among its organizers are O. K. Armstrong, Verne Marshall's associate in No Foreign Wars, and Ralph Townsend, an editor of Scribner's *Commentator*.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Mere Literacy Is Not Enough

THE Census Bureau is not counting illiteracy any more. Next February they are going to give us the facts on educational attainment instead. That's progress. Even if in 1930 one out of seven people still was innocent of letters in the bottom state of South Carolina, that was movement forward from the time of the first World War, when only one out of five could write. But the United States army is not satisfied. Under selective service, it has decided that in the defense of democracy mere literacy is not enough. A man fit for that defense must have the equivalent of a fourth-grade education. And applying that standard, it turned down in two months more than 90,000 men—most of whom must have entered school since the war to make the world safe for democracy was won.

This item in the draft regulations does not apply with any evenness across the states. In some sections there are scarcely any boys whose selection is prevented by it. But in one state 35,000 of America's young men had to sign their registration cards with a mark. In some areas, one student of the situation has estimated, nearly half of the Negro boys and a quarter of the white ones are excluded by this ruling from the armed services. And they are excluded at the highest rates in the states where there are the greatest rates of increase in the youth which might go into the army. They may be kept out of the army, but nobody has yet devised any way to keep them out of America. In 1930 practically a fourth of the American population lived outside the states in which they were born and in which a good many of them did not get as far as the fourth grade.

The situation is the responsibility of our own times. Men now twenty-eight years old were not ready to begin school until 1919. That was the period in which America was conscious of its riches. That was also the period in which America is supposed to have been growing conscious of its responsibilities to all. And in those years we raised thousands of boys whose educational opportunities, the army says, were not sufficient to qualify them as the least privates in the rear ranks. In 1939, in the thirteen states which in general have the highest birth rates and the poorest schools, there were 1,585,000 children in the first grade. In the same year in the same states there were only 869,000 in the fourth grade. Between the first grade and the fourth, between the beginnings of the merest literacy and the army's minimum requirement in schooling, 715,000 children had dropped out.

That is a lot of children. And they will not stay children, and they will not stay at home. They will be items in American security or lack of it a decade from now, just as children like them but grown bigger are discouraging items among the young men registered for the draft today. Their meaning is not limited to military matters. Where the educational opportunity is lowest, the economic pressure is greatest. The lure of the richer places, the richer states, is felt most strongly by those who have the fewest ties of wealth and chance to keep them home—and the least equipment to take with them.

Six weeks before the Selective Service Act was passed, an expert of the National Planning Board testified to a Congressional committee about the matter. Talking on migration within America, Dr. Frank Lorimer said, "The poorest families, the poorest areas, and the poorest states, where the ratio of children to the supporting adult population is highest, are absolutely unable to provide health and educational advantages equal to those available in more prosperous communities. . . . The people who live in more prosperous areas, through their neglect of these matters, have a heavy responsibility for this situation—a situation which sends a constant stream of ill-equipped migrants into American cities, undermines our democracy, and weakens our capacity for national defense."

That is still true, and the army has only emphasized it. If the army cannot use such uneducated young men even as privates, it seems doubtful that America can count on making good use of them as workers or citizens. But the army's teaching is sharper than that. Once the rich regions had to meet the migrants only with relief. Now, if the uneducated in the poorest states are not fit to defend America, more of the youths in the richer states are going to have to take the training and do the fighting.

It seems to me that selective service has made us face the decision whether the educated rich states shall remain dumb despite education and the poor states remain ignorant without it, or both shall advance, in enlightened democratic terms, together. The Census Bureau count may say that we have escaped from illiteracy. The army knows—and America ought to know—that as a nation we have got to do better than that. When we are not even a nation of fourth graders in a time of technical war and technological peace, national defense indicates that we still have a big job to do at home. It must be done if we are to have a democratic system able certainly to defend itself and certainly worth defending.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

A THOUSAND AND ONE POEMS

BY ROLFE HUMPHRIES

THE VIKING BOOK OF POETRY OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD. Chosen and Edited by Richard Aldington. The Viking Press. $3.50.

WHAT, another poetry anthology? Yes, sir: complete with a twenty-five-page introduction by the editor, table of contents, over a thousand poems, 1,206 pages from Beowulf to Delmore Schwartz, a bibliography, indices of poets, first lines and titles, acknowledgments—1,272 pages in all. Well, says the reviewer, rolling up his sleeves and spitting on his hands, this had better be good!

But the reviewer soon finds himself disarmed by the scope of the project. If, as Mr. Aldington says, "an anthology is an essay in the positive criticism of poetry," then positive and thoroughly adequate criticism of an anthology should to all intents and purposes involve the reviewer in making another anthology to match, or surpass, the one under consideration. But this takes too much time. Mr. Aldington says he has been thinking these matters over for thirty years, making mental notes over and over as he read and reread: the reviewer, given his volume early in September, with an October 1 deadline to meet, can hardly hope to catch up. So he escapes by saying simply, Yes, it is a good anthology, a very good one indeed. That, in short, is the review; from here on the reader can expect a series of postscripts, not particularly ordered, impressions made by first reading, marginal notes subject to revision, and so on.

Mr. Aldington's introduction, cast in the form of a letter to his publisher, gives an account of what he was trying to do. His anthology is "general" as distinguished from "personal" (he defines these terms); "popular and aesthetic" as distinguished from "academic and historical." He has exposed his own preferences and prejudices, tastes and perspectives, sufficiently for the reader to apply right at the start what correction he finds necessary to make. Mr. Aldington prefers the writers of the Tudor-Stuart period to everybody else; next the romantics. He considers Browning our last major poet, thinks well of Swinburne, finds in some of Dryden's songs "a frigid lewdness," is pleased by Shelley. In these matters Mr. Aldington speaks with independent assurance and the courage of his convictions.

When it comes to modern poetry, Mr. Aldington expresses considerably more diffidence. Here his anthology is certainly more personal than general. He points out that this section of the book is "by far the most difficult and at the same time the most vulnerable to criticism"; "it does not claim to be an anthology of modern poetry, or of modern British poetry, or of modern American poetry. The section from Robert Frost on must be considered as more or less experimental and tentative." Mr. Aldington seems fully and uncomfortably aware that his contemporaries are living men, with their powers of squawking little impaired by the lapse of time; and everybody knows that this reviewer is not the only living poet who begins his study of a new anthology of modern poetry with a swift and stabbing glance at the index. Still, Mr. Aldington has gone through with it, facing the inevitable as bravely and fairly as possible: "more than one-sixth of the total of 310 poets are writers born since 1875." These include 24 Americans and 24 Englishmen; 5 of the Irish (Gogarty and Higgins not among them), the South African Roy Campbell, one "token" Canadian, McCrae—In Flanders Fields, of course, must go in a "general" anthology; there might have been room, on the "personal" side, for a token of the more interesting work of A. J. M. Smith: should Tagore have been worked in somehow? The list of the two dozen names, English and American, is too long to set down here, but written out in full, it seems a pretty decent lot: if Mr. Aldington has not come up with all the winners, well, it is a lot easier to pick the horses after the races are run.

Mr. Aldington thinks it one of the obligations of the anthologist to spot the "unacknowledged translation or paraphrase." His attention might be called, in this connection, to the fact that The Means to Attain Happy Life, attributed on page 79 to Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, is a very close paraphrase, if not an exact translation, of Martial's poem beginning *Vitam quae faciant beatiorem.*

We might not have noticed, had not Mr. Aldington called our attention to it in his remarks about Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," that he has omitted Addison and Watts. His index of first lines, therefore, includes neither "The spacious firmament on high" nor "Bye-low, babe, lie still and slumber." And this starts us off on another train of thought. In the course of his preparation Mr. Aldington not only read the complete works of the poets quoted but also consulted other collections and anthologies. Yet one valuable work of reference he seems to have overlooked entirely, the Church Hymnal. The only hymns appear to be Jerusalem, My Happy Home, and, stretching a point, Kipling's Recessional. It is probably an unholy thought that the Anglican church has done more for the aesthetics than for the morals of those susceptible to its service, but the debt should be acknowledged. Here Mr. Aldington's text really needs supplementing.

There is other religious poetry in the book, but its bulk is not impressive; neither is the amount of political poetry. On the other hand, one is impressed, sometimes boredly so, by what seems to be an awful lot of stuff in praise of women, praise not very subtle or profound, a good deal of it lip-service, fancy and affected. This might have been reduced, no matter how much you like Elizabethan gaiety or Cavalier grace and elegance, and flattery for the fair more adroitly conveyed by fuller evidence of their capacity as creative artists.

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The first woman writer to appear in the book is one Katherine Philips, born 1631, who comes in on page 494; there are two others from the seventeenth century and two from the eighteenth; it is not until the introduction of Elizabeth Barrett Browning that they begin to make their presence felt. Of the 300-odd poets in the collection, twenty are women, one in every fifteen; the proportion reaches its highest point with the Americans born since 1875, one in every six, and one can think of several good ones who have been left out. Conclusions can probably be drawn from this.

The scope of Mr. Aldington's anthology raised some rather nice questions; here, I think, the anthologist has been inclined to play it a little too safe. He says no to the facetious and whimsy-whamsy, to dialect poetry (including thieves' jargon and jabberwocky), to parody and nonsense verse, to the sentimental (with an occasional act of indulgence). No trash, if you please, in a book which contains Milton and Shakespeare. No inch, no curious coign or niche, is available for writers like Will Carlton, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Edgar Guest, Robert W. Service, *et id genus omne;* the reader will have to look for Casey at the Bat in some other collection. But this attitude, unless your taste is very sure, involves you in double danger: you may include trash from the *Hound and Horn* while you reject trash from the *Saturday Evening Post;* on the other hand, you may confuse the vulgar with the popular, turning away indiscriminately all that looks rowdy, ribald, folksy, familiar, and so on. All right to keep from the table the freakish and insipid dishes; but do not, please, remove the salt. Negro spirituals, trade-union songs, cowboy ballads, off-shore chanties, off-color limericks—no room for any of these? It would be malicious to call Mr. Aldington's anthology a collection of the respectable poetry of the English-speaking world, or the poetry of the respectable English-speaking world; but he might have taken just an ounce more precaution against that unkind possibility. Or perhaps, as with the hymns, he has, consciously or unconsciously, rejected the words that do not supply their own music, full and entire. (Yet what about the many Elizabethan songs?) Should we not remember the origins of poetry in mimesis, the three in one, the word, the music, the dance?

In saying that this book performs a valuable service to students of poetry and lovers of poetry—the two are not always identical—I mean more than conventional praise. In this praise the publishers are entitled to share. For what it contains, the book is inexpensively priced; the book is not too hefty to hold in the hand; the page, "of attractive color and sparkling clarity," is generally clean, anyway, and easy to read. One has reservations, of course: when the publishers issue a release saying they have paid out several thousand dollars in permission fees, "in many cases much more than the poet received from the original publication of his work," one receives the statement with mixed emotions. One likes to think that the publishers will get their money back, of course, and that the poets will get all that is coming to them; but isn't this way of doing business a little, pardon me, academic? In a day when publishers insist that they cannot afford to print poetry, mightn't some of these thousands have been even more profitably invested in presenting the work of new and younger men and women?

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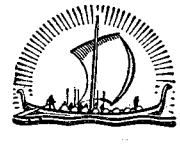

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features of the Viking anthology is that through this medium we come to view, with new respect and attention, the poetry of our own time. It is not only through what is directly presented of modern poetry, for, as Mr. Aldington admits, this portion of his book is most vulnerable to criticism, his taste being, as I think, diffident, or, as he says, tentative. But having read the book through, with the entire heritage of verse immanent in our consciousness, we have no reason to feel overawed in the presence of Tradition. We must refuse to accept that conventional injunction which says that of course our closeness to modern poetry disqualifies us from judgment. How good our modern poetry is, really and truly! We have no one to match songs with Shakespeare, or odes with Keats (though we have a lot of poets as good as a lot of Keats); we lack Elizabethan gaiety (was Donne always so gay?), we lack Carolingian elegance and wit. But what we do have is plenty. We may be inclined to the somber, but our poetry is searching, subtle, varied, and profound. Where modern philosophers have extended the frontiers of our consciousness, we have not been laggard in exploiting their explorations. We have our powerful original voices, and their answering easier imitations. There is nothing the matter with our command of technique. We have numbers, too, many people writing good poetry, all against the economic fashion, where the big money accrues to those who go in for novels or the movies. *Il faut cultiver son jardin*—it is a good thing for our art that its garden is weeded thus, by letting our essays in criticism appear as prose in the *Southern Review* and our tales of love and the wars as the book of the month. (Not but what the melancholy of our reveries could be pleasantly relieved by a few moments' delight in the thought of a Hemingway or a Steinbeck wrestling with the discipline necessary to cast a struggle of labor or a tale of the hunt in well-turned Byronic or Spenserian stanzas.) Beyond the temptations of avarice and greed, we can nourish our pride in the knowledge that the art of poetry, in our day, can hardly suffer for being taken care of by its devotees.

Notes by the Way

JAMES T. FARRELL'S latest book, "Ellen Rogers" (Vanguard, $2.50), is something of a boomerang for those reviewers, including myself, who have been suggesting that the author of the Studs Lonigan trilogy and other books dealing with the same milieu had exhausted that vein and might well strike out in a new direction. The setting of the book is still Chicago, but its characters are drawn from a level a good deal higher in the economic scale, and there are other differences. Ellen Rogers is the daughter of a well-to-do real-estate operator, a pretty, spoiled, sex-wise but otherwise ignorant and bootless young woman; her lover, Ed Lanson, is a small-time bounder—not a full-fledged crook but a confirmed and cynical cadger whose ego is most gratified by a fist fight or by the glibness he has cultivated out of a desire to be considered "intellectual." He quotes Nietzsche, ends his affairs by sending poems to his lady friends, and talks eloquently of the great book he plans to write.

The immediate flaw is that neither character becomes real, despite the long and laborious records of their conversations,

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both trivial and crucial; the dialogue itself often sounds as if it had been written by a literary amateur. I don't believe an Ellen Rogers would use such a phrase as "neglectful of late," and though pretentiousness is Ed Lanson's "line," the particular brand of pretentiousness assigned to him doesn't quite fit—nor is it all of a piece.

The fatal fault, however, is that Mr. Farrell makes no significant use of two characters who are so limited in themselves that they could scarcely bear the stress of a short story and are flattened out into paper dolls under the weight of some 400 pages.

The interesting thing about "Studs Lonigan" was that the career and death of an essentially sordid character was presented in a context of the author's compassion that gave it the aspect of tragedy. The present novel is described as a love story; many passages, in particular the ending in which Ellen wades to her death in Lake Michigan, à la Madame Butterfly, suggest that it was intended to be tragic and ironic as well. But both Ellen and Ed fall so far short of qualifying for their roles that the denouement becomes burlesque; and there is discernible in the writing neither compassion nor irony. It is merely a boring and futile account, play by play, of two amoral ciphers.

CLIFTON FADIMAN has included selections from thirty-six writers in "Reading I've Liked" (Simon and Schuster, $3). The collection abounds in unexpectedness, which was to be expected. Its contents range from a slice of "The Magic Mountain" by Thomas Mann to "The Life and Hard Times" of James Thurber. It also includes C. K. Ogden's review of the new "Encyclopedia Britannica" (1926) and an excerpt from H. W. Fowler's "A Dictionary of Modern English Usage." It is, on the whole, a very engaging collection. Mr. Fadiman has written a lively introduction of 60,000 words which covers a lot of ground, autobiographical and other, and which is a curious study in conscious self-immolation and unconscious defiance. The most successful of professional reviewers has some pretty cynical things to say of professional reviewers and bears down hard on the difference between reviewers—who are only "experts"—and genuine critics. He also says that only about 20 per cent of the books issued are worth publishing. Often it reads like the success story of a man who couldn't help, and can't stop, being successful but almost wishes he hadn't been. Very interesting.

"The Oxford Companion to American Literature" by James D. Hart (Oxford University Press, $5) differs from most concordances in that it includes social and political entries as well as information about writers and their works. It gives the pertinent facts about Henry Ford and the Monroe Doctrine as well as 893 summaries of novels, essays, plays, poems, etc. The test of a reference book is in the using over a period of time, but the idea of this one seems to me sound.

I RECENTLY READ "Above Suspicion" by Helen MacInnes (Little, Brown, $2.50), the latest of that series of thrillers in which the villain and the hero are, respectively, the Gestapo and a democrat. Miss MacInnes writes very deftly, with humor and suspense. It is good detective fiction, though I thought the heroine's meeting with her former maid

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was a little too fortuitous even for a thriller, and I didn't quite believe in the rescue from Gestapo headquarters, even though Miss MacInnes had persuaded me by that time to a pretty fantastic degree of credulity; she also gets in some good licks for democracy.

When I read the opening chapter of "Escape," the first of the thrillers, I was a little shocked by what seemed to me a deliberate and rather cold-blooded exploitation of the Nazi terror from which so many anti-fascists have *not* escaped. Apparently it didn't affect readers in general that way because it became a best-seller, as have "Rogue Male" and Miss MacInnes's book; and whether because of its very different and very disarming tone or because of my own increased toleration, "Above Suspicion" didn't arouse any such resentment. I still think, however, that this particular kind of thriller and its popularity are a curious phenomenon: escape literature which deals not with storybook villains and hairbreadth rescues from imaginary tortures but with the actual horrors and fears which haunt the minds of all of us. Perhaps such books provide a way for both authors and readers to "get on top" of an intolerable situation. But I suppose I'd better leave that question to the psychologists.

I'm also a little late in saying that I read and enjoyed Donald Culross Peattie's most recent book, "The Road of a Naturalist" (Houghton Mifflin, $3). Here is escape literature in the conventional sense. It is billed as autobiography and is the first of Houghton Mifflin's projected series of books about Life in America; it is really a group of American landscapes minutely and vividly recreated. Mr. Peattie's capacity for unashamed surrender to nature, which most of us have relegated, along with the raptures of first love and the rhetoric of first poems, to the attic of adolescence, is well known. Often he merely achieves lushness, but in this case he succeeds in making the reader surrender too. The result is that one recaptures the heady excitement of one's first conscious joy in nature and of the first overwhelming realization of one's own involvement in it. When he is moved to write of life and death, he is eloquent rather than profound; but his descriptions of the fertilization of the Joshua tree and of the redwood forests are so absorbing that he actually succeeds in "annihilating all that's made/To a green thought in a green shade." MARGARET MARSHALL

Virginia Woolf's Last Novel

BETWEEN THE ACTS. By Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

LONG before she died, Virginia Woolf had, I think, said all it was in her to say as a novelist. If this last of her novels is also by all odds her weakest, it yet represents only another step in her steady creative decline. It is of course true that the book had not been finally revised, and even more worth remembering that it must have been written by an ill and tragically overwrought woman; but for all that, the heart of the trouble lies elsewhere. For from the time of "Orlando" onward Virginia Woolf had relaxed her interests, had slipped more and more out of life, farther and farther away from the main stream of literature, indulging that side of her which, no matter how exquisite it was, contributed to her breakdown as a novelist without raising her high enough as a poet. "Orlando" and "The Waves" and in spots "The Years" have special qualities enough, but no substantial ones. Virginia Woolf had begun by bringing to the novel something more rewarding than the patterned "realism" with which it was clogged. "Mrs. Dalloway" and "To the Lighthouse" are high-bred and delicate books, but not too high-bred and delicate to have their own sharp kind of reality. But with her later novels Mrs. Woolf, rejecting realism, threw the baby out with the bath water and rejected reality as well. The separate image got in the way of the central vision; the poet of words and moods and almost naked sensibilities recoiled from flesh and blood; psychological truth was discarded for philosophic symbols. The sense of time, for example—something which dominates most great creative writing—laid hold of Virginia Woolf so strongly as to obliterate almost everything else. But she did not cope with it as a Tolstoy did, or even a Proust: she felt it *too* poetically, as something not dramatic but elegiac, not full of mystery but only full of pathos; and she ended by sentimentalizing it horribly.

In all this, however, there was more than the triumph of the poet over the novelist, or the dreamer over the observer; more disastrously, there was the intrusion of something even more thin-blooded, something purely literary. From having been nourished by culture, Virginia Woolf was at last emaciated by it. Culture joined to brilliant perceptions made her a delightful critic, but creatively it displaced an interest in life itself. She came to be preoccupied by words and phrases, by literary tags and echoes and the bright harness of tradition and the byplay of the cultivated—one might almost say the over-cultivated—mind. Her work, even though it remained imaginative, was no longer spring-fed.

By the time Mrs. Woolf wrote "Between the Acts" culture had quite won out. We feel at times that she fought against having it win, that embers of fine creative feeling still feebly glowed; but there was no helping it. The book, unless one obtusely chooses to see it as a deliberate *jeu d'esprit,* is merely from start to finish an evasion of the problems it raises. It introduces us to people, some of them with frustrated and fractured lives, and, instead of exploring them, makes us sit with them while they watch a pageant. The pageant reels off solemn travesties of Elizabethan, Restoration, and Victorian drama, which are given in full; and the pasteboard dramas completely overshadow the flesh-and-blood ones. Even an ironic intention of showing that the real people are as dead and done for as the stage puppets cannot justify Mrs. Woolf's dabbling in human beings while expending great space and effort on her Sir Spaniel Lily-livers and mid-Victorian Eleanors. The book ends with two of the real people about to confront each other: it should, of course, have begun there.

In smaller ways, too, one feels how slack the book has gone; even its imagery becomes, at times, a fault or a foolishness. "She had been waked by the birds. How they sang! attacking the dawn like so many choir boys attacking an iced cake." Here Mrs. Woolf, having long ago abandoned the real for the poetic, has come to abandon the poetic for the weakly fanciful. Had she lived, no doubt she would have pruned "Between the Acts" of such infelicities, and

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tightened it, and perhaps cut a little deeper into her characters. But the book would not have been substantially any different. The retreat from life had gone too far, the very immersion of self in a pool of pictures and phrases had become too deep, the talent which had once been shining and concentrated as a piece of gold had been broken up into a coppery heap of small change. If through it all there remained a touch of high distinction, it may remind us how Virginia Woolf in her prime, writing "Mrs. Dalloway" and "To the Lighthouse" and the two "Common Readers," was one of the few splendid literary figures of our age.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Two Successful Playwrights

BARRIE: THE STORY OF J. M. B. A Biography by Denis Mackail. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75.

SIR ARTHUR PINERO. A Critical Biography with Letters. By Wilbur Dwight Dunkel. University of Chicago Press. $1.50.

DENIS MACKAIL knew J. M. Barrie very well, and of him he writes more than 700 adoring pages which the devotees of J. M. B. will certainly read but which the more worshipful among them will probably find less than satisfying. They may resent somewhat the author's frank admission of Barrie's faults as man, but they are even more likely to regret what the book either leaves out or what, perhaps, was not there to put in—for at least in Mr. Mackail's pages the subject appears rather less a great genius than an exceptionally canny and industrious journalist who worked a vein for all, or perhaps rather more than all, the vein was worth. Of literary analysis there is a very little, of personal portraiture—by a very wordy method—quite a bit, but of the business details of a busy career there is a positively stupefying amount. From the time Barrie began his professional career on a Scotch newspaper to which he contributed 1,200 words a day in addition to book reviews and two special articles a week under two different pen names, a continuous stream poured from his pen; and we are spared no details of what he wrote or what he planned to write, what editors accepted or what they rejected, what he earned or what he didn't earn, how the composition succeeded or how it didn't succeed. And in the end one comes to feel that Mr. Denis, perhaps Barrie also, thought of the great apostle of tenderness and sentiment much as Arnold Bennett in the diaries seems to think of himself—that is, as of a writing machine whose success is to be estimated by the number of words produced per day and their average effectiveness when measured in terms of money and popularity.

Mr. Mackail takes it for granted that Barrie was a delightful man and a great genius—takes it, indeed, so much for granted that the shadings of the picture, which are not taken for granted, come to seem more conspicuous than he perhaps intended, with the result that the whole story is less attractive than admirers have usually assumed. Margaret Ogilvy was a stubborn and difficult old woman; Barrie himself, a vain, capricious, and furiously self-centered little man. He could be generous, but only on his own terms and to people who pleased him; as for his famous charm, he "could

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turn it on—or off, if it comes to that—whenever he chose, and even those who came to suspect it, to suffer from it, or, in a final desperate sort of way, to deny it, still knew in their hearts that it was about the nearest thing, in this case, to an absolutely irresistible force." He was, Mr. Mackail thinks, too far from being an ideal husband to be held wholly blameless for the very messy divorce case in which he appeared as the injured party, while in connection with his famous retiring modesty it is not to be forgotten that on the occasion of the speech at Edinburgh which crowned his career, "once more the apostle of shyness spoke entirely about himself." Indeed, Mr. Mackail applies to Barrie a somewhat less effective version of a phrase first used about T. E. Lawrence, of whom it was said that he had mastered the art of backing into the limelight.

Though literary analysis occupies a very small proportion of the book, what Mr. Mackail does say about the source and tendency of Barrie's writing is exactly what its severest critics have charged—namely, that he was in the simplest sense of the term an escapist, that is to say, not so much a man who believed in the reality of the world of his imagination as one who consciously preferred to retire into playful fantasy in order to spare himself what he knew existed. For some reason—Mr. Mackail is inclined to think that it began in childhood with the death of an elder brother—Barrie early resolved not to grow up and not to exchange play for reality. But if the intention is to defend the worth of his writing, a stronger case could, I think, be made out by laying less stress on its origins and more on its inherent quality. Shaw was typical of the revolt against Victorianism because he insisted that men should live by passion and logic alone. Barrie's novels and plays and essays may be taken to reply that, whatever men ought to do, the fact remains that they actually live quite as much by sentiment, prejudice, and all the irrational loyalties which give nostalgic memory its power.

Professor Dunkel's little book (138 pages against 722) is a sensible and useful summary of the career of a man whose fantastic reputation as a playwright comparable to Ibsen has almost completely collapsed. More genuinely aloof than Barrie, Pinero apparently had a commonplace personality, but he was equally vain; and Professor Dunkel makes little attempt to represent him as more important than he was, although the insistence that it was lack of literary style which condemned Pinero to eventual neglect seems to me to make the false assumption that this lack of literary style was merely an unfortunate accident. The truth is that Pinero's style lacked distinction because his whole mind, imagination, and character lacked distinction; because, though Professor Dunkel makes a half-hearted attempt to discuss Pinero's "philosophy" in a chapter of less than six pages, Pinero won a reputation for advanced thought on the basis of a "philosophy" very little more subtle, original, or profound than that of any conventional upper-middle-class Englishman of his generation. Once more the style was the man. For all its brevity and unpretentiousness the present volume probably deserves to be the standard account. It corrects previous misstatements, it is enriched with some revealing letters, and it appears to be scrupulously accurate.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Hitler's Murderous Logic

PATTERN OF CONQUEST. By Joseph C. Harsch. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

JOSEPH HARSCH, who represented the *Christian Science Monitor* in Berlin from the outbreak of the war until this spring, is not one of those newspapermen with a genius for personal adventures. Consequently his book may attract less attention than some of the current offerings by his more exuberant colleagues. In suggesting this I only hope I am misjudging the acumen of the book-buying public, for Mr. Harsch's report seems to me one of the most substantial accounts of Nazi Germany which has yet appeared. It is the work of a man who is not only a diligent collector of facts but an acute interpreter of their significance.

In the space of a review it is possible only to touch on a few of the many aspects of the Third Reich about which Mr. Harsch offers fresh information. The food situation at the end of the second winter of war was not, he finds, unsatisfactory to the Germans. The supplementary rations made possible by looting conquered countries had convinced many that war was not unprofitable. But the Germans' ruthlessness in exploiting their victims may prove expensive in the long run, for as the author points out, they have not merely missed a chance to obtain voluntary cooperation in their new order but have won for their country a "hatred beyond redemption."

Among the chapters of this book worth special mention are those on Hitler's economic methods—his real originality, Mr. Harsch thinks, is in instituting a "bayonet standard" of money; on the methods used by the Nazis to cultivate and bully the foreign press; on the national socialization of sex in the interest both of the birth rate and of the amusement of vacationing heroes; and on Hitler's relations with his allies—the last includes a very revealing account of Mussolini's retrogression to vassalage.

Perhaps the section which most deserves study in this country is that on the German army. The wishful thinking on this subject indulged in so freely by the democracies prior to the war has by now vanished. But we are still confused about why the German army—as an army—is so good; still apt to think that we can match it simply by surpassing it in mechanical equipment. One thing that the Germans have realized is that the old Prussian notion of a soldier as an automaton is out of date in an age when real machines play so large a part in war and must, if they are to function properly, be served by men trained to use intelligence and initiative. In a certain sense the Nazis have democratized the German army. Like Napoleon's it offers a career open to talent. The old barriers between the officer caste and the ordinary soldier have been torn down; the officers all come up from the ranks and are taught to act as older brothers to their men. There is a great insistence on active leadership, and ways have been found to minimize the "paper work" which overwhelms so many American officers.

We can only defeat the German army if we appreciate its qualities and learn to counter the tactical innovations which it has introduced. Mr. Harsch does not gloss over the fact that this end will not be accomplished unless the American people make much greater sacrifices than they have yet been

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called upon to face. The alternative, he is convinced, is the domination of America as well as Europe by Hitler's Reich. He gives reports of conversations with many German high officials who made no attempt to disguise their plans for a world hegemony. He analyzes at length the *Herrenvolk* myth which forms the major premise of the Nazi syllogism. "According to Nazi dogma," he writes, "Germany, being superior, is destined to rule its allegedly inferior neighbors. Therefore, so their logic runs, any desire on the part of its neighbors to retain their own national identity is wrong and criminal. Therefore, any step taken to destroy the nationalism of those neighbors is right."

Many Americans have been slow to grasp the almost incredible implications of this monstrous and murderous logic. Mr. Harsch, whose findings are now being underlined in blood in Prague, Paris, Belgrade, and a hundred other conquered cities, has made a real contribution to the understanding of the whole meaning of Nazism.

KEITH HUTCHISON

The Turn of the Screw

THE WOUND AND THE BOW: SEVEN STUDIES IN LITERATURE. By Edmund Wilson. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

AN UNMISTAKABLE emphasis—suggested but undeveloped in his earlier books—appears in Edmund Wilson's seven new studies in literature. He is still intent on tracing "the history of man's ideas and imaginings in the setting of the conditions which have shaped them," but these conditions are now seen to be subtle and indeterminate beyond what was formerly made accessible to him by the historical methods of Taine, the laboratory techniques of naturalism, or the determinism of Marxist theory. They exist in that fourth dimension of art whose element is the unconscious, whose chart is provided by psychoanalysis, and whose clue is the child. He searches for what his authors are "trying to say," and his key to that trying is the bent or animus given the creative temper by the earliest events of its experience: to Dickens by his six months in the blacking factory that produced "a trauma from which he suffered all his life"; to Kipling by his six years of tormenting persecution and blinding nervous panic in the "House of Desolation" of a tyrannical religious relative in England to whose care his Anglo-Indian parents committed him after his enchanting childhood in India; to Casanova by the "moral squalor" of the Venetian actors' world by which he was ravaged "all his life more vitally than by any of the diseases that were his mere superficial exasperations"; to Edith Wharton by the chilling social decorum of her well-to-do New York girlhood that contrived to make her best work "the desperate product of a pressure of maladjustments"; to Hemingway by a mid-American boyhood whose idyllic Michigan summers first revealed how "the condition of life is pain, and the joys of the most innocent surface are somehow tied to its stifled pangs"; to Joyce's Earwicker by a history whose baffling complexities become solvent in a dream which can only restore him to a daylight made heavy by "a weariness that looks back to life's source." What happened to these writers and their talents in later life is widely documented; their domestic, social, and political conflicts are closely traced; but the question raised in every case is the one which James's narrator put to his listeners on a famous occasion and which might have served as this book's epigraph: "I quite agree—in regard to Griffin's ghost, or whatever it was—that its appearing first to the little boy, at so tender an age, adds a particular touch. But it's not the first occurrence of its charming kind that I know to have been concerned with a child. If the child gives the effect another turn of the screw. . . ?" It is with that touch and effect, with that twist of the screw of sensibility which compels in the artist his special sense of truth and sincerity and which he can betray only at the peril of defeat in his art, that "The Wound and the Bow" is concerned.

The result is seven of the most resourceful, and among them four of the best, essays that Mr. Wilson has yet written, and a book that illuminates the immediate problems of criticism in a remarkable way.

At a moment like the present and after a decade like the past, criticism tends to consolidate its forces and assess its grounds; to grow suspect of dogmatism, to shun theory and didacticism, to sharpen its scrutiny, to read humbly, and to look deep; to rediscover its business and province. Causes and special pleading are left to prophets and politicians, or to dissolve with the events they have corrupted. The facts of life and nature reappear as a constant of which art again becomes the single responsible custodian. Whether the dimension of that constant is defined as metaphysical, as with Eliot, or as psychological, as with Wilson, the vocation of the true artist becomes the central crux of inquiry. If he becomes inconceivable as a renouncer of life like the progeny of Axël, he also becomes something more than Flaubert's triple thinker, for he expresses forces and intuitions profounder than thinking or conscious purpose can encompass. The critic becomes absorbed by those forces; his process becomes, in the psychologist's language, regressive; it seeks to reduce the content of art "back to its sensorial and instinctive components instead of carrying the idea forward into action." Of those components in history or in the individual life, art reappears as the valid and total record. To recover them, the ideas of literature must be traced to the instincts out of which they emerged; purpose is seen as evolving from necessity, design from vision, form from fantasy, meaning from emotion, the man from the child. The child—himself no *tabula rasa* yet a symbol of the unstamped clay on which the facts of character and experience are written—becomes the focus of investigation. When that happens, the critic is likely to become less concerned with the aesthetic values which exist in art as the end of a process of intelligence than with the experience values that art takes on in its fullest human and psychological meaning. Values, in fact, give way to phenomenalistic significances, and if any count is to be held against Mr. Wilson's latest essays, it is that these values are assumed or slighted, on occasion even miscalculated, and the qualities of literature become incidental to the case histories of its authors or even tend to appear basically substitutive.

The slightness of his analyses and evaluations is sometimes regrettable on his own grounds. If the work of literature is valid evidence of its writer's psychological and moral history, its evidence must obviously be complex, unconscious, and

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symbolic more often than simple, conscious, and explicit; it will require an analysis fully commensurate with its complexity—something equal in anagogic explication to the *Traumdeutung* and at least as minutely discriminative as anything attempted by the modern textual analyst. Mr. Wilson seldom provides that kind of analysis; his findings often remain pre-critical. His judgments on various works of Dickens, Kipling, Edith Wharton, and Hemingway are likely to be casual and summary; they may even (as with "Our Mutual Friend," Kipling's "The Gardener," Mrs. Wharton's "Summer," or Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls," which is here handled negligently as an afterthought —one of several postscripts or footnotes which give untidy effect to three essays—and so remains wholly undefined in its import and glaring limitations) represent judgments that rest more on an author's will than on his deed and so miss the real point of critical discrimination. And though Mr. Wilson's use of biographical documents is as sensitive as his implicit feeling for creative acumen and sincerity, it is inevitable that such documents remain at best fragmentary and suggestive in a way that the work of art, exhaustively considered, is not. When Rudolph Hess landed in Scotland last spring, six or seven New York psychiatrists gave six or seven offhand explanations of his psychological condition and history; when an eighth heroic member of the profession refused to make a diagnosis of a patient three thousand miles away, he supplied a hint which neither analysts of character nor critics of art can afford to ignore.

But if Mr. Wilson curtails his proof and minimizes his evidence, he compensates his reader by opening up the books of Dickens and Kipling, by defining the fundamental problems of Edith Wharton and Hemingway, and by taking us into the matter and meaning of "Finnegans Wake" and the "Philoctetes" of Sophocles in a way that is seldom the privilege of literary students and that he himself has not equaled since his essays on Joyce and Proust in "Axël's Castle." And what he sacrifices of the details and implications of his investigations, he gains in the speed, sympathy, and dramatic effectiveness of his presentations—qualities that have become generally lost among the dialectic abstractions, solemn sentimentalities, and brattish exhibitionism that are again coming to pass for literary intelligence. The meaning he extracts from the "Philoctetes" may possibly over-allegorize that play and the problem of creative genius in the world, but there was never a moment when that meaning needed more emphatic underscoring than the present one. Philoctetes is abandoned on Lemnos with his loathsome wound but also with his invincible bow, which the besiegers of Troy discover they need for their victory but which they cannot have unless they accept the man with it, not as an outcast to be exploited or condemned "but simply as another man."

The need of mankind for the gifted, rebellious, and discomforting outsider who is the artist is no greater, however, than the need of the artist to honor his vocation, to remain unflinching in his isolated responsibility, and to respect his mission in the world. The failure of Kipling in that vocation —his commission of "one of the most serious sins against his calling which are possible for an imaginative writer" when he "resisted his own sense of life and discarded his own moral intelligence in favor of the point of view of a

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dominant political party"—is for the first time clearly defined. The conflicts and popular compromises through which Dickens labored during forty years of acutely developed social and moral insights, until in his last five books he came to grips with the human nature which underlies all social and moral fact and which in "Edwin Drood" he at last came near to seizing in terms of his own spiritual dilemma, are presented with a sympathy and skill in synthesis that should rescue Dickens from the neglect to which sentiment and critical snobbery have consigned him, and place him among the most serious figures of modern literature. The Hemingway essay is necessarily prejudiced and regrettably incomplete, but there is no mistaking the justice by which it credits Hemingway both with an integrity peculiar among modern novelists and with defects of proportion, self-criticism, and regressive crudities of taste that have almost brought his superb gifts to ruin. The Casanova piece is little more than a note on personality; the Wharton essay is more concerned with "justice" than with evaluation, though its justice is mainly sound and supplies an opportune corrective to followers of literary fashion who work on the supposition that an author's inferior work necessarily cancels his good; the analysis of "Finnegans Wake" is admittedly tentative, though it does what the more sophisticated existing commentaries have held aloof from: it tells what the novel is about.

The ability to tell what a book is about remains Mr. Wilson's greatest distinction, his almost unrivaled skill, among living students of literature. His explorations have steadily widened; he has risked the formulations but surmounted the limitations of historical, sociological, and psychiatric method; he has brought the rich sympathies and recognitions of his earlier investigations to a steadily sounder and more penetrating use. He still holds some kinds of experience under stiff suspicion; the mystical and religious necessities of certain natures, the metaphysical imperative, and often the purely poetic vision remain unpenetrated by his sensible, pragmatic, skeptical intelligence. The reality that these ways of life and spirit take on in art can probably never be seized or realized except by an exercise of sensibility and a minuteness of discrimination which he generally avoids. He writes criticism of one kind, and one of the best kinds, but it continuously requires supplementing and extension by specifically aesthetic analysis and normative evaluation. But there are only two or three other contemporaries who have been as scrupulous in making the matter of modern literature available, in defining historical and categorical relationships, and in arriving at that sense of the elements and complexities of creative genius which must be realized before the full scope and richness of books can be determined by whatever keener instruments or methods of dissection. To defend the vocation of literature in the face of the political pressures and sell-outs of conscience that are again threatening it is not a generally honored position at the present moment. Mr. Wilson maintains his principles with characteristic spirit, and it is a special pleasure to see how Dickens rises, in the present rehabilitation, to encourage and reinforce them and to give as much as he gets of the credit that belongs to a persistent devotion to the love of writing and to the ordeal that makes the written word a repository of human intelligence and honor.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

Huxley as Theologian

GREY EMINENCE: A STUDY IN RELIGION AND POLITICS. By Aldous Huxley. Harper. $3.50.

THE spiritual gyrations performed these last few years by Aldous Huxley round an ascending spiral of the mystical have not so completely alienated this reviewer as they seemed to have many of Mr. Huxley's former admirers. I do not think that an obsession with the possibility of God necessarily connotes a withering or superannuation of the cynical intellect; and it was the gymnastics of this cynical intellect that fascinated so many of those to whom "Point Counter Point" represents Aldous Huxley at his height. I think, rather, that it represents Huxley *as novelist* at his height; but in common with other members of that greatly gifted family Aldous Huxley is like a giraffe who can play chess, recite "Paradise Lost" backward, and change planes in mid-air: I mean versatile. His speculations in "Ways and Means" seem to me to be excused for their comparative crudity by reason of the fact that Huxley is not after all a professional philosopher. The comparative crudity arose, I think, from his biting off a larger portion of Asiatic theology than at that time he could chew. But now, in the light of this biography of a French mystic who was at the same time a political panjandrum of the first magnitude, I can perform the act of genuflexion before a writer who has at last found a pillar on which to become a St. Simon Stylites. Such a note as this about such a book as this is necessarily inadequate, not to say impudent. For it is a book written by one man with a religious mania about another man with a religious mania—written by a man in whom God and the objects of the world have established a kind of armistice by paradox, about a saint who deliberately prolonged the paroxysms of the Thirty Years' War because he believed himself to be the instrument of the divine will. The militant mystic is the man who denies his mother at the cross or condemns nations to mutual destruction because history always expiates itself: *fiat voluntas tua.* The contemplative mystic, that is, Huxley, is the man to whom all events and spectacles, no matter how overtly revolting, are, in his heart of hearts, apotheosized by the hand of God. Thus Huxley cannot finally bring himself to condemn out and out the political crimes of his subject; the exoneration of God was somehow there: he can only seek to feel for the millions whom his subject's crimes made so deeply suffer.

Between this study of a great ecclesiastic and T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral," a number of affinities exist that really reveal aspects of the major dilemma of the contemporary mind. Thus both these works are about the world being too much with us. Eliot's Becket succeeded in rising above the temptations offered by the glittering secular; Huxley's Father Joseph failed. But clearly to both these writers the urgent issue of existence is seen as a religious issue between the secular as Lucifer and the divine as divine. And in their act of turning the head away from the world to gaze at the amazing architecture of the transcendental I see one thing clearly: namely, that the spectacle of things as they now are is a spectacle that is intolerable to a fine intelligence.

As a biography this is a brilliant monograph on elemen-

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tary mysticism in the scholastic sense; and the apparent eclipse of Huxley the novelist reveals the embryo of a passionate theologian with a Vedantic ax in his hand. If there are to be no more "Point Counter Points," there is now the tremendously exciting possibility of a "Pilgrim's Further Progress." About such a book as this, so transparently thin a biographical mirror in which to show the engines of the transcendental at work on the subject, about such a book it is misguided to make comments on the execution of detail, accumulation of evidence, exactitude of reference, and the like. This is not really a book about the so-called Grey Eminence; it is, finally, a book about Aldous Huxley as Grey Eminence—that is, autobiography as biography. For I hardly doubt that between Huxley, with a row of brilliant novels behind him and an obsession with God dazzling him in California, and this Capuchin monk who was capable at the same time of Machiavellian crimes in the service of France while he devoted four hours every day to the contemplation of the Godhead, that between these two the parallel is apparent and apposite. GEORGE BARKER

The Roots of National Socialism

METAPOLITICS: FROM THE ROMANTICS TO HITLER. By Peter Viereck. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

NOT so long ago some American experts in foreign affairs explained German National Socialism and its open bid for world leadership as a product of the peace treaty of Versailles. History was viewed as a struggle between haves and have-nots, as largely determined by economic motives. Much of the success of National Socialism is due to the acceptance of these "explanations" in the United States and Great Britain. History seemed to start in 1918, and preceding decades and centuries were conveniently forgotten. But National Socialism has deeper roots in German history than the events of 1918 and 1919. National Socialism only continues older trends of German intellectual development. It is the fruit, the bitter fruit, of a long and spectacular blossoming. The armistice of 1918 was regarded by many Germans not as a final outcome but as a breathing spell which would enable Germany to resume power politics on a world-wide scale when the right moment arrived. That it did arrive was largely due to the acceptance of the above-mentioned theories by well-meaning and less well-meaning people.

Two very different streams of German development met in National Socialism and gave it its strength and its élan. One was the Prussian tradition; the other the romantic tradition. In a very well-written historical essay Peter Viereck traces the ancestry of National Socialism from the political romanticism of the early nineteenth century to Adolf Hitler. Of course, some of the daring thoughts of the romantics had been anticipated by German humanists. But with the romantics—and romanticism in Germany meant something fundamentally different from the stylistic and literary movements in Great Britain and France—Germany deliberately, as Viereck puts it, turned its back on Western civilization. Germany wished to be different; German thinkers for the

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past 150 years have proclaimed "a deliberate revolt, not only against reason but against all moral and political restraints, a revolt against humanity, against universals, against internationalism, on behalf of *Volk* and mother nature." It was not Hitler in 1941 but his teacher Houston Chamberlain in 1917 who defined the World War as "basically" Germany's war against "Judaism and its closely related Americanism."

Viereck's book is a penetrating and interesting study in intellectual history and national psychology. He discusses many thinkers, devoting special attention to three, of whom two, Jahn and Rosenberg, are little known outside Germany, and the third, Richard Wagner, is famous only as a musician. All of them Viereck regards as representatives of romanticism, whose first great upsurge came in the Napoleonic wars. Napoleon was combated by German romanticism as a symbol not so much of dictatorship as of the French Revolution, of human liberty, of rational equality, and of the recognition of universally valid laws. "Napoleon's rule never left the fold of Western civilization. Hitler is a culmination of anti-Western *Kultur*, . . . Hitler and Napoleon are direct opposites as cultural symbols."

The average reader will be most interested in the chapter on Richard Wagner, whose "warped genius" Viereck regards as "the most important single fountain-head of Nazi ideology." Wagner was the first to invent the synthesis of communism and racial chauvinism, the adaptation of romanticism to the machine age, the degradation of an aristocratic, esoteric teaching into a demogogic appeal to the masses. On the other hand, Viereck stresses much more than is generally done the "good European" element in Nietzsche. He underestimates the atavistic return to pre-Socratic and pre-Christian barbarism which Nietzsche proclaimed, though there is a vast difference between the plane on which Nietzsche prophesied and that on which Wagner wrote and Hitler lives today. The "revolt against the West" is not confined to Germany, of course; the decomposition of the Western heritage, the relativization of ethics, is also discernible in "social Darwinism" and in that "impartial" interpretation of history of which we spoke, which refuses to apply the criterion of morally better or worse to historical life. But nowhere has this attitude reached such a depth, in every sense of the word, as in late German romanticism, the period from Wagner to Hitler.

Is Viereck's optimistic view, expressed on one or two occasions, that Germany's cultural pendulum will "inevitably" swing back to its western pole, well founded? As a result of isolationism and "pacifism" Hitler's prediction of a National Socialist millennium may come true; then there will be not only no swing back to civilization in Germany but no civilization left at all. On the other hand, Viereck assumes rightly that a conclusive military defeat would have a wholesome psychological effect upon the Germans, because this time there could be no legend of a "stab in the back"; such a defeat might liberate not only the world but the Germans themselves from the incubus of their "eternal revolt against the West." In a few minor points one may disagree with Viereck, as in his judgment of Frederick's foreign policy, or the comfort he derives from the fact that the National Socialists point to Eastern Europe as their field of conquest; this is true, but the possession of Eastern Europe is only the indispensable condition for world hegemony, not an ultimate goal in itself. Viereck in a strange paragraph praises Hitler for his "clearance of so many different kinds of stifling deadwood," forgetting the many more Hitler-created hindrances to free development and his own excellent remarks about the difference between Napoleon and Hitler. On the whole, however, he presents a brilliant analysis with great insight, and has proposed and proved an important thesis by a well-documented and illuminating argument. His book will render a distinct service by making for a deeper understanding of Germany and of our own problems.

HANS KOHN

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TWO-WAY PASSAGE. By Louis Adamic. Harper. $2.50.

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OUR NEW MUSIC: LEADING COMPOSERS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA. By Aaron Copland. Whittlesey House. $2.50.

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WHAT THE CITIZEN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THE MERCHANT MARINE. By Carl D. Lane. Norton. $2.

MUSIC IN WESTERN CIVILIZATION. By Paul Henry Lang. Norton. $5.

FROM LORCA'S THEATRE. By Federico García Lorca. Translated by Richard O'Connell and James Graham. Scribner's. $2.50.

WHAT ARE YEARS. Poems by Marianne Moore. Macmillan. $1.50.

BERLIN EMBASSY. By William Russell. Dutton. $2.50.

PAN-AMERICAN ENGLISH AND SPANISH DICTIONARY AND TRAVEL GUIDE. By Lewis L. Sell. Putnam's. $2.50.

WHOSE REVOLUTION? A Study of the Future Course of Liberalism in the United States. By Roger Baldwin, Alfred Bingham, James Burnham, John Chamberlain, Lewis Corey, Malcolm Cowley, Granville Hicks, Hans Kohn, Eugene Lyons, and Bertram D. Wolfe. Edited by Irving DeWitt Talmadge. Howell, Soskin. $2.50.

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The Undiscoverables

[*Continued from page* 328]

but when the two men emerged, walking quickly with their outer arms extended to balance the heavy barrel, Don Cataldo did not halt them. A motor coughed in one of the fishing boats, and Don Cataldo, suddenly resolute, hurried along the western quay toward the harbor exit. Suddenly he wheeled about and, standing at the head of the stone steps, looked down at the boats.

"Santangelo," he faltered.

"*Voscienza,*" Santangelo lifted his black ringleted head sharply.

"You are—you are going out rather early, eh?"

"As to that, *Voscienza,* the fish are very distant today."

The harbor master knew that the sardines were still following the route of preceding days.

"Farther out?" he said timidly.

"Oh, much farther out, *Voscienza,* and they're thickest way down yonder." Santangelo began a fisherman's description of the spot at which he alleged the fish were to be found, referring to rock reefs, coves, and headlands by names that every fisherman knew but that figured upon no map.

"Ah—then they've changed their place," Don Cataldo mumbled stupidly, and Santangelo repeated all that he had said, with grave earnestness. The fishermen, though they knew all that Santangelo was saying was nonsense, listened to every word of it attentively. Presently the official went away. Half an hour later the Archangel Michael was being launched, though the unpainted patch of raw wood was a mere makeshift job. Don Cataldo returned.

"He! Santangelo," he said sharply. "I've just been informed that there aren't any fish today. It won't be any use going out."

"*Voscienza,* you have been . . ." the boat-master began, in a tone that was both patient and affectionately derisive, but he was too considerate to refute Don Cataldo's absurd lie.

"As I said, Don Cataldo, they have taken it into their heads to go down yonder by the Black Teeth. There is no knowing what they will do, the little sardines." It seemed that the little sardines were the most whimsical and fantastic of all the fish in the sea.

"You'll be going to the Black Teeth?" the harbor master said with sudden and desperate cunning, trying to frown. He only succeeded in goggling nervously. Santangelo put his head upon one side and thought hard. *Bedda matri,* he had made a stupid mistake.

"We shall go out to their track and follow them to the best place, *Voscienza.* Perhaps it will not be off the Black Teeth." And then Santangelo blundered again. "Perhaps *Voscienza* would like a basket of beautiful fish. We shall be pleased to select the choicest and most exquisite of sardines . . ." He stopped. The old man was frowning. The suggestion that he was being offered a bribe put him upon his dignity.

"I shall watch where you go, with interest."

"But what does it concern your honor's office where we go?" Santangelo asked, with some irritation.

"In times . . ." the harbor master began and cut himself short. Santangelo rallied.

"*Santissima sangre,* you are not forbidding us to go out?"

"No," Don Cataldo said weakly, and miserably watched the crew prepare to leave. But Don Cataldo was not Paulo Mori, the Fascisti chief, then absent from San Filippo, as the fishermen were aware. They had no great fear of Mori, but they would not have made any pretense of disobeying even an unexpressed command of his. And this noisy throwing about of gear and vociferation of orders which now broke out was only pantomime, as the harbor master should have known. They did not respect Don Cataldo, for all his aristocratic lineage, but in this world of arbitrary rulers and their *sbirri,* the little harbor of San Filippo, feebly governed by that cowardly, honest old man, was a harbor in more senses than one. Therefore the fishermen would not affront Don Cataldo if they could help it. There was even a little tenderness in their hearts for the old man, who treated Mori with as much caution as they did. The Fascisti leader made his personal exactions through Signor Stefani, the fish factor. They were not much heavier than those of the Mafia had once been. *Bedda matri!* how thankful the fishermen were that Mori had been accustomed to power long before the establishment of the regime. He had his machine under control and permitted very little subordinate extortion. In other ports where power-hungry small fry had become rulers conditions were very different.

Don Cataldo withdrew from the battle of wills and retired to his office, whence he gazed with fretful indignation over the harbor. He faced that way chiefly to avoid sight of the telephone, an instrument which he hated. It never rang without causing him alarm. He always rushed to the instrument, not merely to forestall his clerk, Petrucci, but in the effort to placate the thing. Its peremptoriness and it incalculable manner of suddenly breaking out were invariably transferred, in Don Cataldo's imagination, to the caller. And reversing the association, the arbitrariness of most of Don Cataldo's callers was transferred to the instrument.

In truth Don Cataldo's defeat at Santangelo's hands had been as much due to the obscurity of the order given to him as to his own weakness. He could have exacted immediate obedience by saying, "Orders from my superiors." Catania, however, had merely told him to put himself into a "state of readiness" to carry out instructions contained in a recent letter. The day's rumor made him suspect that Rome was about to intervene in the war, in which event the fishing fleet was to remain in harbor until further instructions.

Pouting gloomily through the cracked windowpane, Don Cataldo tried to find comfort in the fact that the fleet had not yet departed. Of course not; they haven't yet taken their night's food on board. The women won't have it ready for another hour at least. Optimism and pessimism weighed their chances in his resentful thought. Petrucci was coming up the stairs. "*Sporca!*" Don Cataldo exclaimed, surprising himself. Without completing the ejaculation he snatched open the door and frowned at Petrucci. Rico, catching sight of the old man's legs, looked up. His mouth opened. Don Cataldo was frowning furiously.

"Go down, go away," the harbor master commanded.

"Go down? *Sporca 'arne,*" 'Rico ejaculated.

"Go down, I don't want you up here," Don Cataldo stamped with both feet, though his soft slippers, his usual footwear even in wandering about the quays, made no authoritative noise.

"You say go down, Don Cataldo, but please forgive . . ."

"Go down . . ." Petrucci began to rally. The harbor master, momentarily flinched.

"I said go down," he croaked desperately, and taking off his hat as if to buffet a telephone, he added, a little hysterically, "and permit me to remark that there's nothing so silly as a fat face with its mouth open."

"Eh, Don Cataldo," Petrucci protested feebly and backed down the stairs. The office door slammed. The harbor master did not dare to look out

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of the window to see if Petrucci was gazing up at the office. In truth he was a little disappointed with his somewhat vulgar thrust at Petrucci. It was not quite as coldly classical as it might have been. When the fleet broke moorings, the telephone began to spit its poisonous bile at him again. It was only 'Rico's wife, wanting to know what she should bring him for lunch, but the alarm put an end to an idea he had been entertaining. He would not put in a call to Catania.

Petrucci was on the steps again. Don Cataldo dashed to the stairhead and in a stamping rage shook the handrail so that it threatened to come out of its socket. Petrucci shot down the steps and bolted.

"Eh, *porca!*" Don Cataldo swore valiantly. Presently he was dismayed to find his mind made up to a new resolution. Taking the key from its nail he went out, locked the office door, and descended the stairs. To delay the moment when he must open his mouth he decided to round the harbor to its entrance upon the western side. Signor Stefani, the fish-curer and principal merchant, secretary of the *Comitate di Benificenza* of San Filippo and a subsecretary of the local Fascio, was driving away from the factory. Signor Stefani sounded his horn furiously. He waved Don Cataldo out of the way. Stefani's eyes glittered with excitement. They were staring far ahead, right through Caltagirone's household-goods store and the buildings of the town to Catania. The harbor master hurried along the west quay, his knee joints cracking, his face blank with anxiety and fear. On his left the motors were chugging loudly. The fishing boats were maneuvering for position, trying to slip by one another, masters and men yelling unnecessarily. There was crisis in the shouting, for San Filippo fishermen ordinarily put out to sea quietly.

At the end of the quay Don Cataldo faced the boats. He waved his hand angrily and very soon was shaking his fist at them. The fishermen yelled at him as they chugged by, trying to combine respectful speeches of extenuation with blasphemous asides to one another. None of them openly referred to the harbor master's unspoken order to remain in harbor, and he, fearful of overstepping the limit of his instructions, did not dare to put his disapproval into words. Soon the boats were all outside and the lateens were being unfurled. They kept close together and altered course to take the breeze cleanly into their sails. The Archangel Michael, which had been hanging about in the bay, came round on an oblique tack that would not join her to the fleet inside five miles.

Feeling nauseated, Don Cataldo sat down upon an iron bollard and stared after the fleet, trying to ignore Petrucci in the background. Finally he turned about and beckoned to his clerk.

"What is it, idiot?" he snapped at 'Rico.

"With your permission, *Voscienza.*"

"Go on, I told you to speak. Speak up, man."

"The telephone was ringing. I couldn't get into the office, Don Cataldo."

"Let it ring," the harbor master mumbled, miserably defying his dismay.

"Begging clemency, when it stopped I went to the exchange. The call was from Catania."

"Eh, Mother of God, from Catania?"

"Yes, *Voscienza.*"

"Well . . ." was all Don Cataldo could say.

"Voscienza." Petrucci took a step forward and put his little feet together. His fat hands were clasped together in front of him. The harbor master looked anxiously at his subordinate. "If your Excellency will permit speech."

"What is it?"

"Voscienza!" 'Rico stepped another pace nearer and spread his hands.

"What shall we do, 'Rico?"

"Your Excellency has not told me his problem." Petrucci squirmed and was silent a while. Then he blurted, "But if Your Excellency will pardon my unforgivable presumption, I put in a call to Catania, upon your behalf." He did not confess that when the bureaucrat had assumed his caller to be the harbor master he had passed himself off as Don Cataldo.

"Mother of God!"

"I said *Voscienza* was out in the harbor talking to the fishermen."

"Well, go on, man." Don Cataldo's suspense was unbearable.

"Voscienza approves?" Petrucci said, trying to obtain indulgence before proceeding. The harbor master would not be cheated. He pursed his lips and looked away.

"I made the call from His Excellency's house. We discussed the message of the morning and various matters. And, well, with *Voscienza's* permission, I said that you had not deemed it wise actually to forbid the fleet to go out and they said you had done correctly, Don Cataldo. A coast-guard cutter under the command of a naval lieutenant will arrive this afternoon."

For a few moments the harbor master's face did not disclose his relief. Then, when realization came, he wanted to cry. He was on the point of embracing Petrucci, the good, loyal, competent Petrucci. You could rely on 'Rico, he knew what to do. Eh! what a fellow, nobody could stand 'Rico in a corner. Don Cataldo's heart swelled as he gazed, his sight a little dim, at the fat clerk with the absurdly small feet. Eh, what does it matter about his little feet and his presumptuousness. It was a hard struggle for the harbor master not to melt into a flood of effusive gratitude.

"Eh, 'Rico, good man, good man," he murmured, and stood up and gripped the huge forearm of his clerk. "Let's go to my office and take a little sip, eh?"

"As Your Excellency wishes . . ." 'Rico's vague gesture disturbed Don Cataldo a little. Perhaps Petrucci had polished up a version of what had happened. Perhaps he was keeping something back. However, on the way round the harbor the clerk began to talk volubly, of many things, as if the problem were indeed settled. At the bottom of the office steps the harbor master gave 'Rico the key. The clerk did not stamp his way up the stairs with his usual excess of vigor. Inside the office he drew Don Cataldo's chair away from the desk and spinning it round stood deferentially beside it, one huge black-haired fist upon the back. When his superior was seated he lodged himself on his stool and with difficulty crossed his bollard-like legs and stared out of the window. Don Cataldo rose and paused on his way to the cabinet where the brandy was kept. The fishing fleet had changed its course again and was going out to the previous night's location. It did not matter now.

"I'll give him Black Teeth tomorrow morning," Don Cataldo said contentedly. "That I will. The fish are down at the Black Teeth, indeed! As who could believe such a thing!" He smiled hap-

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pily as he held out the diminutive glass of brandy, and he chuckled affectionately in contemplating that acorn shell of crystal in the huge fist of Petrucci.

"Be careful, 'Rico. Don't swallow the glass as well," he jested.

"If Your Excellency will give me privilege once again, there is a favor I should like to ask."

"Why certainly, ask it, good 'Rico."

"Then if I may, I should like to take the several days' leave owing to me. Beginning from this morning, of course, *Voscienza.*"

"Eh, indeed you may." A moment later the harbor master was invaded by fresh alarm. Why did his clerk wish to be absent just at this moment?

"Of course. Three or four days are due to you, aren't they?"

"I'll take only two, Don Cataldo. Will you be pleased to authorize it, in the record book?"

"Yes," the harbor master muttered, downcast in spite of his efforts to reassure himself. Petrucci turned to his desk and wrote out an authorization. Then he held out the pen toward his superior. Don Cataldo signed the record.

"And another thing. If *Voscienza* graciously permits," the clerk began briskly, but perceiving the harbor master's dejection he lowered himself to the floor and stood bowing slightly, his feet side by side. "If I may advise Your Excellency, it would have been wise of *Voscienza* to join the Fascio."

"The Fascio? I have never been invited."

"No, *Voscienza,* that is doubtless true. The Fascio hardly invites. Your Excellency comes of exceedingly good family, but he has not even a portrait of Il Duce on the wall." Petrucci waved his arm around at the walls.

"I have a portrait of my king and emperor," Don Cataldo said stiffly. The faded print had hung there for many years. The whites of Petrucci's eyes showed as he glanced upward at the dignified but paltry face of the King.

"His Majesty, yes, and that is good. But one should, in this world of asperities, learn to protect oneself."

"I think . . . I think we ought to send the coast-guard cutter out to the fleet, when it arrives."

"Oh no, *Voscienza.* Catania quite approved your attitude. The cutter is just arriving, by the way. You will not want me in the office when the lieutenant presents himself. I shall go now therefore. I have asked for an interview with Major Mori."

"*Major* Mori!" Don Cataldo's head swam as he stared out at the cutter, now recklessly and in total contravention of regulations describing a swift seething curve in the harbor.

"Yes, I understand that he has been granted a commission in the army, though I understand also that he will not be leaving San Filippo. Excuse me." Petrucci bowed and moved to the door.

"Stay here, please. You can't go now. There will be business to attend to."

"Excuse me, Excellency. You have given me leave since six o'clock this morning." The clerk pointed to the record book.

"'Rico, you can't leave me." The harbor master drew himself up at once and added, with feebly severity, "Your leave is canceled, Petrucci."

"Excuse me," the clerk said and ran down the steps, leaving the door open behind him.

For several minutes Don Cataldo brooded over the page in the record book. Then he drifted to the door. The aggressive and fleshy face, Roman in type, of one dressed in the uniform of a naval lieutenant was staring up at him. The lieutenant wore pointed, fashionably designed shoes, and his uniform was cut amply. Noting these details of dress, Don Catalda was filled with contempt and fear. A political, he thought, and backed into the office.

"I am Lieutenant Varchi. I have the honor to address the present harbor master?" The lieutenant's sneering voice suggested that he was a Roman of the Campagna. Don Cataldo moistened his lips. The lieutenant, with a reduced flourish of ceremonial courtesy, lodged the letter in his trembling hands.

"Confound," Don Cataldo gasped. The letter slipped to the floor.

"Drop it if you wish, Signor," the Roman began lightly, but as he continued his tone became emphatic and spiteful. "Doubtless the bureau in Catania will have told you its contents. You're out. That being so you can go, at once. No, I don't want any of your explanations." Don Cataldo had not been going to make the conventional offer of assistance, but now his cheeks flushed with a little blood.

"Confound it, sir. Don't you know you shouldn't use a speed of more than four knots in . . . four knots," he repeated. His courage began to slip away, but desperately seizing the last of it Don Cataldo drew himself up and said, with remarkable control, "in my harbor?"

Lieutenant Varchi was not instantly brought to a confused awareness of his vulgarity and indifferent breeding, as Don Cataldo had half-expected he would be. He merely laughed and said in a peevish rather than a peremptory voice, "Go on, old man. Get out, go on, get out." The lieutenant made expulsory movements with his hands. When Don Cataldo did not move, Varchi gave him a series of sharp pushes that sent the old man stumbling out on to the tiny platform at the head of the stairs. The office door slammed behind Don Cataldo. Gripping the handrail he tried not to be aware of the lieutenant's face upon the other side of the pane.

"*Fatoretto,*" mumbled the former harbor master of San Filippo. It gave him some satisfaction to describe the Roman as the under-bailiff of a landed estate. He stared at the fishing fleet. The San Filippo sails seemed to pierce upward through the sea's surface, like crocuses. The door was suddenly flung open and Lieutenant Varchi pushed Don Cataldo's shoulders with his fingertips.

"Confound," the old man ejaculated and pushed the lieutenant's chest.

"Go away, stupid," the lieutenant said with shrill spite. They pushed one another several times until Don Cataldo's dignity would not allow him to exchange pushes any longer. He turned. away, accepted a little push in the back,

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and stalked, stiff kneed and slightly confused in the vision, down the steps to the silent quay. The door slammed again. Don Cataldo frowned and adjusted his tunic. *"Fatoretto,"* he said with cold distinction. Then he broke into a soul-satisfying flood of vulgar disparagement.

[*To be continued next week*]

IN BRIEF

SCUM OF THE EARTH. By Arthur Koestler. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

This chapter from the life of the author of "Darkness at Noon" is a kind of nightmare. It is the story of his life in France from the outbreak of war until his escape to England via Africa. Most of this time he spent in the horrible concentration camp at Le Vernet. To Koestler and many of the other inmates even that was better than what they had been through in other countries before the war, for, as he says, the standard of comparison in the treatment of human beings had "crashed to unheard-of depths." Although the French beat their political prisoners almost daily, it was not to death. But why were they held at all? Because they were suspect. Why? Because they were known to have been in concentration camps in the countries from which they had fled to France. Why? For defending in those countries the values for which France was now at last fighting. This is what can happen in the most logical nation on earth when the bureaucracy is rotten and somebody at the top is shifting the premises beneath your feet. Let no citizen of any country say, "It can't happen here." Every reader of this book will feel impelled to look to his own thinking and his own duty as a citizen.

MUSIC

UNDER the title "A Musician Speaks" two small volumes of lectures by the late Donald Francis Tovey have been published by the Oxford University Press—one with the subtitle "The Integrity of Music (161 pages, $2), the other with the subtitle "Musical Textures" (89 pages, $1.50). The first gives us the Cramb Lectures which Tovey delivered at the University of Glasgow in 1936; the second the Alsop Lectures which he delivered at the University of Liverpool in 1938. And they offer an integrated statement and development of some of the ideas in a body of writing—the articles in the Encyclopedia Britannica and Cobbett's "Cyclopedic Survey of Chamber Music," the famous program notes for the Reid Orchestra reprinted in "Essays in Musical Analysis," the editions of Bach's "Well Tempered Clavier" and "Art of Fugue" and Beethoven's sonatas, the other articles, pamphlets, lectures—of which Ernest Walker says rightly in his preface: "There is nothing like it in all English nor, so far as I know, in any other language."

"He had read and remembered in detail," says Walker, "and, what is more, methodically assimilated into his personal scheme of aesthetics, every page of live music from Byrd and Lassus and Palestrina to the end of the nineteenth century, with a great and varied mass of twentieth-century music in addition. The live music, I say; he was not the kind of scholar who is interested in a fact simply as a fact, and about dead music he did not worry. . . . He was not interested in composers' biographies: he knew Beethoven's works backwards, but cared nothing for his life—and less than nothing for attempts to correlate his music with the French Revolution." Tovey's prodigious knowledge and scholarship, in other words, were not those of the musicology that has descended heavily and alarmingly on our musical life. He concerned himself not with matters like "Dissonance in Early Polyphony up to Tinctoris" but with Mozart's concertos and Haydn's symphonies; he discussed them not as documents in cultural history but as works of art to be experienced as works of art; and when he poked his head in among their notes he was impelled by an intense love and enthusiasm and understanding for music that made warm and alive and excitingly significant the technical minutiae he emerged with triumphantly.

A great mistake was made in publishing the lectures in these two volumes without the passages of music with which Tovey illustrated his ideas at the piano. "To quote at anything like the length required would have turned a book into an album of music with annotations," explains the editor, Hubert J. Foss. But that is what a book about music should be; since a statement about music has real meaning only for the person in whose mind it is correlated with the music it refers to—the person who can provide the musical illustration himself from his experience of music, or the person for whom the musical illustration is supplied by the speaker or writer. Even with the illustrations Tovey's lectures could have been understood only by musically educated persons whose experience and technical knowledge enabled them to perceive what he wanted them to perceive in the passages of music, and understand the points they illustrated. But publishing the lectures without those passages further restricts their audience to the persons whose experience of music is such as to enable them to supply out of it their own illustrations of Tovey's observations.

One must regret that these lectures were not delivered here, and that Tovey was not brought here to do at an American university the extraordinary work he did at the University of Edinburgh. He visited this country about fourteen years ago, and announced a second visit for the next year which did not come off; and in 1934, when I was looking for some way of getting machinery in motion to bring him here, someone arranged a meeting with the head of one of our musical institutions who was, as he still is, a power in the musico-political world and, as such, in the group that was bringing European scholars to this country. Yes, he said coldly, he knew about Tovey; but there were greater scholars in Europe than Tovey. Did I know of Professor A of the University of X who had written about the use of a certain cadence in the eleventh century? Did I know of Professor B of the University of Y who had written about the use of something else in the twelfth century? Did I know of Professor C who had written about the use of something else again in the thirteenth century? These were the men whom he was interested in bringing here, and who eventually were brought over. There were good reasons for bringing them: what musicology may find to say about the relation of Mozart's G minor Symphony to other music and to the culture of its period has its interest, its value. But not—for me—the interest and value of the symphony itself experienced as a work of art for and by itself. And for me, therefore, there were better reasons for bringing over Tovey.

B. H. HAGGIN

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